

A JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL REFORM, DEVOTED TO THE ELEVATION OF HUMANITY IN THIS LIFE, AND A SEARCH FOR THE EVIDENCES OF LIFE BEYOND.

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Learn to say no to thyself.

Silence is the fittest reply to folly.

Silence is the fence around wisdom.

It is easier to be wise for others than for oneself.—*French Proverb.*

Kindness is the golden chain by which society is bound together.

To have ideas is to gather. To think is to weave them into garlands.

Prosperity unmasks the vices; adversity reveals the virtues.—*Diderot.*

He is a philosopher who cannot be wrought up to a fretting point.

Truth is as indifferent to public opinion as the general public is to truth.

Ideas are a capital that bears interest only in the hands of talent.—*Rivarol.*

The race of mankind would perish did they cease to aid each other.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

Every time you strike a child you admit your incapacity to govern yourself or others.

Sweep the snow from thine own door: spy not at the frost on another's titles.—*Chinese.*

He who reforms himself has done more toward reforming the public than a crowd of noisy, impotent patriots.

Every violation of truth is not only a sort of suicide in the liar, but is a stab at the health of human society.

A man must be exceedingly stupid as well as uncharitable who believes there is no virtue but on his own side.

Nothing can justly be despised that cannot justly be blamed; where there is no choice there can be no blame.

Precious as pearls are the kindly thoughts and feelings that reach us through intervening time, space and circumstances.

As for the place you were cast, don't find fault with that; you need not be a horse because you were born in a stable. —*From the Chinese.*

Try how the life of the good man suits thee, the life of him who is satisfied with his portion out of the whole, and satisfied with his own just acts and benevolent disposition.

Charity itself commands us, where we know ill, to think well of all; but friendship, that always goes a pitch higher, gives man a peculiar right and claim to the good opinion of his friend.

To repress a hard answer, to confess a fault, to stop whether right or wrong in the midst of self-defense, in gentle submission —these sometimes require a great struggle for life and death, but these three efforts are the golden threads with which domestic happiness is woven.

[Written Especially for the Golden Gate.]

Onesimus Toole;

OR, FROM SHADOW TO SUNSHINE.

A Psychological Romance by W. J. Colville.

CHAPTER VI.—THE NEW SCIENCE AND THE OLD BELIEFS.

"How strange I say, how wondrous strange,
That man should ever think to doubt
That there are limits to the power
Of truth to cast dark falsehood out.
Why should we not on this agree,
Howe'er we differ on the rest,
That they who trust in good alone
Shall surely grow completely blest.
Enough for me to work and trust
And leave the issue or the end
To that Great Power which governs all,
And doth the smallest right defend."
—*Arthur Lionel Stagge.*

The following morning notwithstanding the exciting events of the previous night and the late hour at which our friends had retired, they were all seated around the breakfast table by nine o'clock, and though a close observer would have noticed an unusual thoughtfulness in the expression of each and every one, an unobserving stranger would have detected nothing outside the ordinary. The extraordinary events of the previous night had thrown a sort of weird and almost uncanny glamour over the whole aspect of affairs, in the mind of Mr. Toole. For some time, as we are well aware, he had been giving some thought to mystical matters, now he had seen and heard things he had hitherto deemed impossible absolutely verified in his own experience; he had passed the rubicon of doubt and could no longer remain skeptical with reference to what had been so abundantly demonstrated, but to a Baptist minister in whose mind a very real personal devil had been a familiar figure almost from infancy, the possibility of everything he had witnessed having enamated from his satanic majesty seemed still a possible though not indeed a probable contingency.

The singular conduct of Count Katalowynski had excited in his mind the strangest emotions. That gentleman had returned to the drawing room at the conclusion of the seance about midnight, had partaken of refreshments and chatted affably, but there was a something about his whole demeanor which revealed to the perspicuous, a combination of offended dignity, a desperate resolve and unadmitted fear. The boy Zenophon had remained in Dr. Maxwell's house all night and was still sleeping soundly; the Count had taken himself to his hotel about one A. M., outwardly polite, but inwardly muttering vengeance. Dr. Maxwell was unable to conceal a slight trembling of expectancy as ten o'clock approached, when if the prediction so singularly made was to prove true, he would meet a sufferer from paralysis who would pay him a professional call and there and then behold his or her restoration to health and vigor. "To doubt would be disloyalty," this lime of one of Faber's beautiful hymns kept running through his mind, as in the past he had received so many verifications of almost equally wonderful prophesies, he felt pretty well assured that this day was indeed an eventful one in his career and also in that of Mr. Toole, whom he determined to invite into his study to witness all that transpired.

Ten o'clock came, and just as the great gong in the hall was sounding the hour, the door-bell rang hastily and on the summons being quickly answered by the ever ready page, a lady about fifty years of age, with a pale drawn face, evidently without the use of her lower limbs was being slowly carried into the house by two attendants. As soon as the attentive assistants had deposited their suffering burden in a large easy chair in the doctor's office and had begun to detail the symptoms and history of her case, she was stopped short in her narrative by experiencing a decided electric thrill; we purposely avoided the word shock, as the true electric system of practice never causes patients to suffer from the violent action of the remedial agent which in its fiercer moods is often destructive and dangerous instead of constructive and beneficial. Whence came the thrill, no treatment was being administered from any visible battery or in any external manner whatsoever and neither Dr. Maxwell, Mrs. Finchly nor Mr. Toole who were all in the room together felt anything. A succession of thrills one after the other, following in rapid sequence caused the invalid to exclaim, "What are you doing to me, oh! can it be trrue that miracles are performed to-day as they were of old; Father Franciscati of the Hoboken Monastery told us they were possible and saints could perform them; he said so when I was carried into the church and placed in a special reclining chair near the privileged altar, but I was one of the many who had to be content with the assurance that my affliction was for my good and therefore God would not remove it; several people were healed during the novena in honor of Saint Stanislaus, but I left the church a little happier in mind, a little more resigned to my condition, but none the more able to walk than when I entered it, but now I feel something, oh, so different from what I ever felt before. I've been ill three years. I was struck the day my only son was shot in Virginia; nothing and no one could help me. I've been everywhere and tried everything, and should never have come to you had I not been recommended to try Christian Science. I found only a Mrs. Catsleigh in the city at this season and she said she never healed while she was teaching and directed me to you. Oh! what is this force, do tell me, I can't understand it. I feel my son standing at my elbow but I see nothing, he beckons me. Oh! Gregoire take me to you if you can;" and the lady sank into a deep motionless slumber from which she did not awake till after three in the afternoon.

When she awoke the change which had come over her was so miraculous that even Dr. Maxwell, accustomed though he had been in Paris to similar demonstrations of electric power, could not believe his eyes when he saw the wretched looking and prematurely aged woman, get up without the slightest difficulty from her chair and walk across the room as blithely as a girl. To say she was completely cured by this one treatment would be an exaggeration, but she had so far recovered as to enjoy perfect freedom in the use of her limbs, and though her system might need some days for perfect recuperation before it would be wise for her to return home, to all appearance she was as well as she had ever been before in her life. Not realizing that she had been in an electric trance for five consecutive hours, she looked about her in a half dazed manner and seeing the clock on the mantel point to 3:30, she consulted her watch which greatly astonished her by pointing to the same hour.

"Where have I been and what has happened?" was her first inquiry. "I saw Gregoire just for an instant, he took me somewhere, I can't say where. I felt a cold invigorating current pass through my frame, then I seemed to doze for a minute and woke finding you all here just as you were when I went to sleep." The doctor endeavored to explain to her that he knew by means of electrical diagnosis that her difficulties had all arisen from her deep grief at the sudden loss of her only son, he knew consequently that no treatment could prove availing which did not set her mind at rest in that direction. Electricity, though a medium of communication between the two worlds, is not self intelligent, nor can it possess within itself any power whatever. It is, however, the visible or externalized force of life, which vibrates responsive to intelligence behind, it is therefore often necessary to employ electricity as a means of accommodating truth to the external planes of human consciousness; as it is the creative force in all of nature and the destructive also. The old Brahminical Siva who is both destroyer and reproducer is naught but electricity and this fact is known to all deep students of ancient systems of cosmogony.

When an apartment is properly electrified, conditions are ripe for a manifestation of the power of spirit, as light streams in through an open window and is shut out by closed ones. We bar the doors of our minds against the entrance of life by our follies and our sins, and it needs that our errors should be destroyed ere we can consciously participate in the health which is universally free to all who comply with the conditions necessary to the realization of it. While the lady was engaged in conversation with the Doctor, and she seemed greatly refreshed and strengthened by means of this converse, Mr. Toole retained the attitude of a most attentive listener; he had not a word to say and could not quite perceive how electricity could be the instrument in accomplishing the restoration of paralyzed limbs when no ostensible treatment was given; the explanations given by Mrs. Catsleigh in her classes, which were all echoes of Mrs. Pushing's theories with slight modifications, did not cover the ground to his mind, for both these ladies taught that nothing had any power to benefit or injure except as we thought or believed it had. Once in a while such terms as *universal mind* and *race belief* were brought in to answer questions otherwise unanswerable, but until this larger idea of electricity came to him, he could never see how belief started, or how poisons, for instance, ever became such.

For the particular benefit of Mrs. Macmoony, the lady who had just recovered under this mysterious influence, Dr. Maxwell took from his desk a precious MS, given him by Prof. de Montmarte, from which he extracted the following:

"Electricity is everywhere throughout all nature, and is the only life of the world; it is the true *anima mundi* of which we read much in the writings of the mystics; while not itself a conscious agent, it is the perpetual emanation from all degrees and grades of life, and is as such, the only channel through which creative force works in its transmission to ultimate expression. The physical form of man is permeated with electricity, or it could show no sign of life; when a derangement occurs in the flow of the currents through the system, disorganization ensues. In cases of paralysis, an electric shock has been received, and after it, the electric force has been prevented from flowing freely or sufficiently to the parts affected; on an occasion when one discovers the exact cause of this derangement, it is necessary to place the patient in an atmosphere completely free from all antagonizing currents, and let him rest there under the soothing spell of the recreative influence.

"Mind is inter-communicative on all planes of expression, and as no soul dies or perishes in the accomplishment of its innumerable peregrinations through the various states which it successively enters, it is possible to introduce friends to close enjoyment of the presence of those they love, through the establishment of a mental telegraph. Harmony in thought is imperatively necessary, and without it no worthy results can be achieved; while a state of mental discord would probably result in greatly and dangerously intensifying the ailment."

This and much more in similar strain the Doctor read in his clear, well-modulated voice to his delighted and much affected auditors; when he had closed the roll and returned it to his desk, Mrs. Macmoony said, "I'm so hungry, may I eat something?"

Taking from a closet in which he kept the few very simple but immensely powerful medicines he employed in his practice as a physician, he handed her a glass of what looked like ordinary wine, but was something quite different, though made freshly every morning in his own kitchen, from the juices of choice fruit; this she eagerly drank and felt satisfied. At six o'clock she was allowed to join the family at dinner, and no restrictions were placed upon her quite considerable appetite.

The evening passed pleasantly in music and deep conversation till ten o'clock, when Mrs. Macmoony was informed that her room was ready and that she must now consign herself to the tender mercies of Mrs. Finchley, for whom she had at once conceived a warm attachment. Mrs. Finchley conducted her to a very pleasant chamber next her own, where a bath was in readiness, and after bidding her good night, and telling her to get into bed immediately after bathing, left her with a few kind words of assurance and heartfelt blessing.

Though usually a very light sleeper, and of late subject to much pain in the night time, notwithstanding the excited, though happy mental condition she was in, Mrs. Macmoony slept as soon as her head touched her pillow, not to awake till high noon on the following day, when she found the sun shining into the cozy apartment, beautiful flowers and luscious fruit on a table beside her, and Mrs. Finchley just entering with steaming chocolate, delicious rolls and fresh dairy butter.

"Oh, how well I feel!" she exclaimed to the latter lady, who at once deposited her tray and embraced her protege. "I have not only slept soundly all these hours; I have had a lovely vision. I must tell you about it; it was so heavenly, so sweet, so grand! I feel as though I could never doubt anything again."

"Well, my dear," replied Mrs. Finchley, "you must take your breakfast now, and then come down to the library a little later and tell us all; we are quite united in this house, and though some of our guests haven't had our experiences, they are very anxious to receive light on all these topics, as you must have observed yesterday."

"Oh, I'll tell them all if you wish, but it's some of it so strange I want to tell you first, and then I can take your advice afterward."

"Will it astonish you very much to know that both the Doctor and I know all about your dream, indeed we are certain it was not an ordinary dream at all, but a veritable vision. Now, to make a long story short, you first went to Paris and then you went to heaven, or to what would be heaven to you certainly in your present mental frame. You were introduced first to friends yet living, who assisted at your restoration yesterday, though you cannot yet quite understand how 3000 miles is no obstacle to a Doctor's treatment of his patients; then you saw your son again, and he and you went together to those bright realms of light for which he is now being prepared, though he is yet in what you who have been brought up a Catholic, would call purgatory. You went with him beyond the orbit of this planet and saw a star which, in your childhood always fascinated you, and there you learned much you could not learn from the books you have read or the sermons to which you have listened."

The astonishment depicted on Mrs. Macmoony's countenance can be better imagined than described; she could not see how other persons could be familiar with her dreams, for was not her vision just the substance of an everyday dream and nothing else; a mere imagination of a highly wrought mind?

Perceiving her thought, though quite unspoken, Mrs. Finchley answered her in a positive reiteration of what she had previously affirmed, viz, that this was no dream at all, but an actual experience, and one withal vastly more real than are the transitory experiences of our waking hours when dresses, bonnets, calls and dinners occupy so much of the feminine mind, while business alone absorbs the masculine. Explaining much of the law which governs the interaction of minds in natural sympathy, she taught her willing and eager pupil a great deal in a short time concerning the reason why in one case a Doctor will be supereminently successful and in another similar instance ignominiously defeated after all his best endeavors; this is regulated entirely by natural affinities which material science unaided can never explain. "Mrs. Macmoony," she said, raising her voice a little and speaking with singular impressiveness, "you have been led here by Azoriel, whom you saw in your vision, and who conducted you in your starry journey in the night; your son could never have scaled those heights had it not been that he was led on and borne up by this most glorious angel, who is at this time revisiting the earth to teach its inhabitants what on the lost but yet-to-be-recovered Atlantis they once knew so well. In a few days, and you must remain here ten at least, you will be strong enough to interpret for yourself the shining courses of the stars, and then those astrological predictions made to you in London seven years ago which have so greatly harrassed you, will be interpreted by a higher law than that known to the old man with the lizards in the bottle on his writing table in Princess street." Here indeed was another allusion to her private experiences by a stranger; that visit to the astrolog r she had never divulged except once to a priest in the confessional, who had told her never again to dabble in such mummeries; and here in New York, a woman whom she never saw till the day before, knew all about it. Truly, the ways of mind are marvelous, and the agnostic is at best but a sorry dunce with all his boasted learning.

To be continued.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

A Few Phases of Karma.

BY ALLEN GRIFFITHS, F. T. S.

The action of Karma is as complicated and far-reaching in its ramifications as the number of human lives and the myriad shades of experience in each individual life. This is why one life, however varied its experience may be, cannot be justly accepted as a criterion of another, nor can any one given person justly estimate the exact status of another upon either of the four planes of existence, the physical, the intellectual, the psychic or the Spiritual, much more dictate what is or what is not best for that other.

Broadly speaking, Karma may be classified under four heads, viz: Delayed Karma; Karma operating in the present life directly connected with the last previous one, or ones; Karma generated by the acts of the present life; fourth, Instructive Karma, which may or may not be the result of acts in past lives or the present life. The first three of course, have for their prime object Instruction of the Ego and it is these three phases, operating apparently somewhat disconnectedly, but, yet, for the same ultimate end and attached, which produce the fourth, Instructive Karma. It should be understood that the object of Karma, of whatever nature and under whatever phases of action, has one and the same purpose,—establishment of that Harmony which, when realized by all individuals in the same relative degree, causes that *Conscious Unity* which is the ultimate goal of all being. Unity does exist whether the individual realizes it or not and it is the sole intent of that apparent isolation which shadows the ego in its long journey through matter to cause it to develop its inherent potential attributes by and through experience and thus attain to full consciousness of itself, which, in its true aspect, is one with the Absolute.

As the Karma of each individual differs very materially from that of every other, it is admittedly impossible for one to cover all the phases of Karmic action as pertaining to its individnal exercise and application, and any attempt at its elucidation must be more or less imperfect and incomplete even when the intuitive sense is called to the assistance; in fact, unless that faculty aids the reader he may utterly fail to comprehend, even partially, what is written.

There is but *one* authority for each person and that is vested in his own breast—is the Truth which he has become,—and all of whatever nature which does not call up a like response in his own heart, can be but hearsay and should and, in fact is, accepted only as a working hypothesis. Buddha, out of his great knowledge of human nature, taught that: That only should be accepted which withstands the test of reason; and, that all things should be first tried by the searching analysis of that high attribute *before* being rejected or condemned. Now, it is manifest that to properly and correctly arrive at the truth or falsity of an alleged fact it is necessary to apply to it that test which bears directly upon the allegation itself, not that which applies to some other and foreign one, and herein lies the fault of many in estimating and adjudging all savoring of a so-called supernatural character. To weigh gold it is placed in scales, not attached to a balloon and sent up in the air, or put in a bucket and lowered into a well.

Delayed Karma is the coming into exercise of effects generated by causes which have operated during one or more lives in the past, but not pertaining, necessarily, to the immediate last part ones. The Karma of one life does not always act or exhaust itself in the next succeeding one or ones, but may skip, so to speak, one or more lives and then come into play without any loss of force or influence because of its having lain in abeyance for a time, and may then run consecutively through a number of lives, or be broken and suspended as before. It should always be borne in mind that the Law operates for the evolution and development of a full, rounded consciousness, not merely consciousness along certain lines, but upon all lines, and consciousness cannot exist only in degree until *all* potentialities of the becoming Ego are equally and entirely unfolded, which last state is spiritual consciousness in its most comprehensive completeness. Now, in one life a number of attributes are called into activity, but one, we will say, exercises more largely than any or all the others. The activity of the extra active attribute is what is most needed at that particular stage of the Ego's progress. Suppose this particular attribute is that of acquisitiveness. It operates at first upon a material plane, that operation upon the low level for the purpose of acquiring strength which, later in its experience, may be in subsequent lives, will exercise upon higher planes. This acquisitive faculty, now ruling the personality, to a large extent dominates the others and rushes off at a tangent taking the line of, say, money and material possessions. The one in whom this faculty predominates will be a successful financier, everything he touches will turn to gold; he spends and exhausts his life in the exercise of this now ruling tendency and is a success from a material point of view. It is seen that, although principally this particular life is spent in the attainment of the perishable, which does not attend the ego after death, yet the ego develops strength in the very exercise of the acquisitive faculty—which strength is essential to its activity on higher planes upon which it is destined to play and where it will exist in more refined degrees, the outgrowth of its former crudeness. In other words, this acquisitive faculty is potential in the being and requires exercise first upon lower planes as preparation for activity upon higher ones. This faculty is only one of many which, either active or dormant, constitutes the real essence of the Ego, all of which must have equal opportunity for development. Now, we have the acquisitive attribute developed and active to a high degree upon a relatively low plane in one life, and if it continued to dominate the immediate subsequent lives to the same extent, it would surely attain an abnormally large growth, *but* at the expense of others, which others are equally important and essential to the Ego's all-round development; consequently the Law, acting for the largest growth of the Ego as a whole, checks the extra activity of this attribute that it halts and waits while the others develop and progress up to or about the same status, when the dropped thread is again taken up for further advance. It can hardly be said that the activity of an attribute is entirely suspended in any one life, but it may be stated that, in place of assuming the leading phase or influence of all lives, it is checked in some, the restrained faculty acting as a balance to other untrained ones of an opposite nature in their respective processes of development.

It is seen, in the light of the above, that one life or personality does not actively represent the exact status of an Ego's growth in the fullest sense, for, certain attributes lying in abeyance and inoperative, may not be cognized at all by others or the possessor himself; or, if so, so dimly as to virtually amount to nothing in the estimate by another of the Ego's stage of development—Therefore, can no finite man be a competent judge of another, for he, only perceiving *one* side of the others nature has, consequently, not sufficient knowledge and evidence upon which to base judgment, and his conclusion, whatever it may be, is only an opinion which is far from being infallible. On the other hand, the law, Karma, that wide ranging and all-inclusive agent of the Infinite, itself an entity of super-human intelligence, has knowledge of the Ego's career as a whole from the beginning, and embodies in that knowledge the competency of judging its present and future needs, and more, is empowered and equal to the uttermost, to fill and meet them to the fullest measure of the Ego's capacity, and cause the Ego, apparently of its own volition, to follow that line along which lies its necessities.

A man who evinces certain well defined traits of character which attract the attention of his fellows, is often considered to be an advanced one and is highly estimated, but that very man may be only in a stage of progression wherein these active traits, which are the outward manifestations of internal principles constituting his nature, are rushing him about like a comet in mid-henven that has yet to be restrained and brought into equilibrium. That man, the tenor of whose way is so even and unruffled that no attention is drawn to any one particular characteristic because all are acting in harmonious adjustment, well-balanced and equilibrated, is, may be, an advanced one far ahead of his brother who is flying off in divers directions only to be brought up short-checked, weak and exhausted, by his own mis-directed and extreme efforts. The first has acquired that equipoise which, while not indicating inactivity, is yet expressive of concord and adaptation of all his parts; the last is in process of acquiring the same end. Now, who can arrogate to themselves the right to direct, to approve or condemn, much more to influence by exercise of concentrated will-power, which is a potent force happily little understood, the one who seems bent upon a course the result of which appears to be self-destruction? This one, no more than any other, can get out of or away from the Law's enclosing arm, which law allows a certain freedom of action within prescribed limits only and knows full well that the man's present course is the only and best one for him in which to acquire what he most needs for his all round progress.

What, then, should be done in the case of one whom it is believed is ignorantly persuing a career which apparently is wrong, nothing? First, it should be realized that we ourselves are not perfect, but are constantly passing through that experience whose tendency is to make us so, and that to the extent that *we* are not perfect, just to that degree are we incompetent to decide what is or what is not best for another; but, for all that, there are many things that each has learned which is become a duty and privilege to utilize for the benefit of others. If another is bent upon a road of dissipation, perhaps it is necessary for that one to drink to the bitter dregs the contents of the cup he himself raises to his lips before he realizes the folly of his course. Now, if that one is forced by concentration of will-power, exercised upon him by another, to suspend operations on that line and is carried for a time contrary to his natural trend, we may note an apparent change for the better, but it will, perhaps, be *only* apparent in the light of permanency, for when the will influence is withdrawn or exausted he will fall back exactly to where he was before and the time during which he was thus carried is, for him, wasted. One may, prompted by affection even, so dominate another by conscious or unconscious will power, that he assume and maintain a certain status in accordance with the strength of will exercised by the other, and and his own impressibility, but when the influence is withdrawn, as it will be sooner or later, the dominated one is thrown back upon his own resources, for strength and development *where he rightfully belongs*, and on that line, and that one alone, has to learn by his failures and successes to become strong and self controlled through reliance upon himself. It may be claimed that will power exerted over another even to the extent of forcing, is known to be productive of good and permanent results. It may *seem* so, but when it is remembered that a cause produces its corresponding effect, in fact that cause and effect are only the two extremes of one and the same thing, it is known that an effect cannot be severed from its producing cause, but remains connected and will run its natural length; it may be suspended or turned into another course *for a time*, but like produces like sooner or later, and the best course after all may be not to attempt to interfere with its natural sway for, in the end, all efforts will prove but *attempts*, however else they may *appear*.

It may also be claimed that if an erring one is left alone that it is not only himself that is affected, but that his course involves others in his own wrong and consequent suffering who are innocent and undeserving of affliction. The mistake of this claim lies in the assumption that any one whom-so-ever, in whatever condition of life, can possibly experience either happiness or misery without in some way having merited it by their own actions in this or other lives, and of its having come to them for their largest good. The very ones who are connected with another, either suffering or made happy by that association, and apparently dependant upon that other for their condition, are only so in seeming, for, they and all of them, have most probably had relations with each other in former lives and that very relationship through the affinity existing in that tie, are now naturally brought together in this present life to mutually work for and with each other, each giving to and receiving from all the other that proportion which is the outcome of their former respective lives and action. That and that only, of good or evil, comes to each one which is his own. The law makes no mistakes, nor does injustice ever figure as a factor in its operations.

But, it is still asked, "*What can be done?*"

That was a wise man and father who, when he learned of his only son's propensity for gambling, took him aside and pointed out the evil of such a course and its sure results and, prompted by his affection for the boy, tried to make him see it all for himself, but the boy *could not* see it for his own vision had not yet become perfected by personal experience; and when the father had done all he could by example and persuasion without avail, took from the boy his allowance and told him that, since he was determined to persue his own way, to go and learn for himself, still assuring him of his continued affection and desire to aid him to assist himself, and that his house would be open to receive him whenever he proved himself worthy, exercised no further restraint, made no attempt to forcibly control him, but let him go free and unhampered out into the world to learn his lesson. *And he will learn it.* It may take all his present life and others, but what is one or many lives compared to eternity—whose inhabitant he is? The father might have incarcerated his son; have placed him where his propensity could not exercise itself in a natural way, then it would have taken another course, or lain in temporary abeyance but, ready to spring forth into life and action when opportunity presented with ten-fold increased intensity. Here is seen the acquisitive faculty operating upon a very low plane, an attempt to acquire without giving something in exchange—extreme selfishness. Had the boy possessed only a partial leaning toward this kind of a life, which might have been the latter end of an experience on this line from preceeding lives, he would have heeded instruction, *because having become it.* To those in this latter stage, a word, a suggestion, a silent thought, act with potency because the seed lies in mellow soil, waiting only for a ray from the great vitalizing Sun, that ray, may be, shining through another's heart, to give an impulse which will cause it to burst forth into a glorious fruitage. Those in this last condition, oftimes need just that assistance which lies in the power of many to render. But, it may be said, one cannot look into the depths of another's nature and perceive their ripeness and fitness for efforts in their behalf. What then, should the lack of the sense of perception in ourselves prevent our sewing the seed? What if most of the seed falls on barren soil and is apparently lost? *We have nothing to do with results*, it is ours to sew the seed, the good seed—when the soil is mellow and moist, and there is much of it so, the increase comes, which increase is our own and others for thus have we become and are still becoming.

And what is this seed that every one should sew? What else can it be than that highest of what ever nature in one's possession on the four planes of existence, which grows brighter and larger with every effort to scatter it abroad, but becomes dim and low and little as we keep it to ourselves. As the hungry man wants bread not a stone, so it is the province of those who possess to use tact and discretion in the dispensation of what they have that neither pearls be thrown before swine, nor food too strong be given to the weak. Thus, in administering to the real needs of that which is the highest man, not catering to the whims and caprices of his passing personality, are our own supplied. Not else, and he who would so deceive himself has much and bitter experience in store.

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1889.

Dr. Mansfield and his Mediumship.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Honest and truthful public mediums are God's embassadors bearing important messages from the spiritual to the material world. They are more; they are beacon-lights along the shores of time, enabling man to steer his bark safely into the great ocean of spirit life. How glorious this mission, but how little do the masses, or even Spiritualists, realize the importance of their great work; and how few get full credit for their years of adverse criticism by the public press and the evil tongue of malicious slander. But few escape; none, within the memory of the writer, have been more fortunate in this particular, than the world-renowned medium, whose name heads this brief mention of his wonderful career.

Over forty years of his long and eventful life has been constantly devoted to the Cause of Spiritualism. He has several phases, but his principal mediumship is automatic or mechanical writing; answering questions on business, and other matters concerning spirit life and the dear ones gone before.

Dr. Mansfield has kept a record of the number of persons attending his daily seances, and so incredible are the numbers, that I hardly dare to give them. But his record shows that during these forty years, he has sit for over 697,000 persons. He has given seances in nearly every town and city of any importance in this Union, and Europe as well. By his success in answering questions in sealed letters he is known as the "Spirit Postmaster," in all these States.

Twenty-nine years ago the writer first met the Doctor in San Francisco, spending several months in this city, and in the mines. The tests he gave me at that time were many, and to me, very wonderful; one of the most important, that I did not then recognize, proved to be correct some eighteen years after it was given. Names, number of persons and distances I found to be correct.

He has never become a permanent resident of California, and at present resides on the south-east corner of Market and Fifth streets, where his rooms are constantly filled with visitors. I give this little unsolicited sketch of the Doctor as a tribute of respect to him as a reliable, truthful, irreproachable medium and gentleman. H.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 5th.

Woman's Congress.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

The above named society was duly organized in the city of Oakland, Dec. 3, 1888. This society is composed of women only; from the early developed youth, to old age. Its object and aim is for their educational advancement, and for a higher standard of culture and intellectual attainment, also for the investigation and agitation of all subjects of reform—for the seeking out of all the causes that are at the present time developing so many evils in this, our fair city. This society is not sectarian in the least, but broad and philanthropic, granting to each the undeniable right to retain their own political or religious opinions, without discussion or interference, ever bearing in mind the teachings of the Golden Rule.

Its further object is to bring before its members, subjects of vital importance to us as women of this generation, that by interchange of thought each and all may be benefited; thus throwing an influence for good, over all whom we meet in the daily walks of life, and to educate the rising generation of young women in such a way that they may become better wives and mothers than those of the past.

Women of Oakland, and all surrounding cities and country, we most cordially invite you to visit us at your earliest convenience—see for yourselves what we are doing, and we feel confident that you will join us heart and hand to forward the good work we have undertaken.

This society meets every Monday at 2 o'clock, P. M. at Montana Hall, corner of Seventh and Adaline sts.

R. A. LOOMIS, President,
H. L. Bigelow, Secretary.

The remains of John Bright, the great English statesman, were refused burial in Westminister Abbey, because he was not, while living, a member of the established church—this too, in the nineteenth century of Christianity. The memory of John Bright and other grand and progressive souls who have looked far beyond the narrow limits of a church edifice, no matter where their last resting places may be, will live long ages after religious fanaticism and its attendant evils have ceased to exist, and this sort of human selfishness is completely snowed under by the rapidly advancing liberal ideas. We'd rather be John Bright dead and in a forgotten grave with all the good he has left behind than to be the livihg expounder of a selfish church, for which the Son of Man who died on the cross for all, has no more sympathy or connection than a polar bear has for the tropics.—*San Rafael Enterprise.*

The Anniversary in New York.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I thought it might be of interest to the many readers of the GOLDEN GATE, to know how the cause is flourishing in the great city of churches, Brooklyn, New York. Our society had a glorious send off on the occasion of our anniversary exercises, on Sunday, March 31st. The New York *Herald* opened its columns on that day, to the presentation of the unbiased opinion of Spiritualism, and in an able editorial, made favorable comments on the same. The New York *Press* also gives a column of its Sunday edition to the friends of the cause. Now watch the sheep, the black fellow has jumped and 500,000 Spiritualists in this section are being baited for. Those papers that don't fish or cut bait, will get left. Already I find many talking about changing their Sunday papers; hence with this condition of affairs, our anniversary exercise, was a grand ovation. Mrs. Leah Underhill (one of the Fox sisters) was present on our rostrum and gave voice to the truth of the event we were celebrating. With a good musical, instrumental and vocal, with such speakers as Judge Daily, (Brick) M. M. Pomeroy, editor of Pomeroy's *Advance Thought*, Charles R. Miller, Prof. Dean, Pro. Watson and others, we presented an array of talent, that held our large intelligent audience intact until nearly 11 P. M.; all hands, speakers, musicians and the audience, seemed to feel the spirit of progress in our midst.

Who says our cause is waning,
Its light will disappear,
When angel bands are marching,
Life's triumphs to make clear?

Upward and onward is the cry,
Behold progression's light,
Out of the darkness will appear
A cause that's just and right.

Keep the ball rolling. Justice and truth will soon find popular demonstration from the thinking men and women now held in superstitious bondage to false and narrow creeds. Let us all do our duty as best we can, walking in harmony to the glorious end. I am, Yours fraternally,

CEO. A. DELEREE.

NEW YORK, April 1st, 1889.

Mind.

[J. Horstead, W. M., in "Medium and Daybreak."]

Mind is that principle which never dies, but which passes from earth-life to life eternal; that which creates active intelligence—ever-growing, ever-increasing in power and intensity, part and parcel of the Soul, that portion of the Divine attribute which giveth volition to the Spirit.

Mind is the genius of man, ever-enduring; the intuitive absorbent of good or evil in earth-life, and the corrective in spirit-life, when the earth-life has been evil, as also the educational principle in the everlasting kingdom of God, when the earth-life has been pure and good.

Mind is the power in action, when the spirit of man returns to earth, to labor for loved ones left behind.

Mind is the will or desire, directed by the influx of the Divine Spirit, into all good, which is productive of spiritual graces or gifts, and—when accepted in the fulness of confident knowledge of the existence of the attributes of the I Am, and their attractive adherance for the uplifting of man into the Fatherhood of God, creating sonship—is unison set in action by such influx, ever becoming stronger by its attractiveness: so that the approach of man to his Heavenly Father gradually becomes nearer and nearer, until the time arrives when the outward temple is laid aside, and man steps forth into newness of life, passing through the new birth, and becomes a jewel in the tabernacle of Truth and Love, in the kingdom of Celestial Purity and Righteousness.

The heavens declare the wonderful works of God; the earth, the beautiful unfoldment of the laws of nature, leading up to sublime reverence of Nature's God.

So does the Mind of Man expand with the knowledge of all that is good and pure; so does the Soul of Man grow in loveliness, purity, and equity; and, subservient to a Divine rule of sacred love, take its prominent position on the throne of intelligence, which is man's hereditary gift.

It is as bad to be with a grumbler as to be ont on a rainy day. The one damps our clothing, and the other our spirits. But a bright, sunny-faced man or woman cheers us like a ray of sunlight coming into a dark room.

When a thing is beyond repair, waste no useless regrets over it and do no idle fretting. Strive for that serenity of spirit that will enable you to make the best of all things. That means contentment in its best sense.

If the Spring puts forth no blossoms, in Summer there will be no beauty and in Autumn no fruit. So, if youth be trifled away without improvement, riper years will be contemptible and old age miserable.

We can easily manage if we will only take each day the burden appointed for it. But the load will be too heavy for us it we add to its weight the burden of to-morrow before we are called to bear it.

When a man gets to be so good that he is satisfied with himself, Satan begins to warm his gridiron.

From The Sun Angel Order of Light.

[Written for the GOLDEN GATE, by spirit Saidie, through the mediumship of the Scribe of the Order of Light, Mrs. E. S. Fox.]

Children of the Order, Saidie comes to you as she ever comes, with her greeting of love. From far and near come the heart-calls of her children, each one asking of Saidie, the Bread of Life. Saidie's heart has grown light and her feet have a swifter bound as she finds her way o'er the earth-bound paths, from far away spheres of Light. Children, struggling for the mastery o'er earth conditions, to you Saidie comes with e'en the bread for which you long. Many of you find rugged paths before you; at times the way seems entirely hedged in, until another advancing step appears impossible. Saidie's heart notes the rough way, the brave heart and undaunted purpose, and to such toilers she whispers ever, "Peace shall crown your efforts." "Nearer My God to Thee," is the song-prayer of many hearts, who see not as they yet shall see, that this very rough, uneven way of life is the only school of experience by which you will gain the blessings your souls crave.

"Nearer My God to Thee," sings the weary mother as she watches the faint, fitful breathing of a dying child, and through tears looks beyond the clouds that hang o'er her head, she sings with heart and voice, "E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me," seeing not the bending angels, hearing not their tones of love, as they tenderly bear the form of her loved one away. But there comes to her heart, as on the zephyrs unseen a song of the angels, "We bear your loved one away from earth, beyond the blighting touch of its evil, away from its sorrow and sin, into the land where all is peace and love. We will care for and cherish the tender bud until it shall bloom in sweetness in the sunlight of the Eternal." What mother-heart ever fails to receive the baptism unheard, of such angel thoughts? What mother fails to know that the loved one given back to the angels who bore the sleeping spirit from the realms of Light earthward for a season, will again unfold its powers in the risen life, to which angel love ever bears its children? Through all such experiences the human soul unfolds nearer and nearer to the God in whom at last they shall dwell in happiness untold.

Children, would you that earth experience might be less bitter, that life might be a summer day of happiness? Were this so, where would be your unfoldment? Where the strength given by exercise of the God-given faculties you possess? Where would have flown the grand glory of the higher spheres, in which we now delight to roam? No; our children learn to know that upon the battle fields no couches of perfect ease can be placed. Your restless longings for attainment, and great desire to know of that which is unknown; to gain the knowledge angels possess, gives you unrest, but it also leads in the ways of progress, and ever on toward the home of the soul.

Earth has for ages been a battle-ground, a world where wrong has evolved its power, usurped the domain where right yet shall reign, and still on and on the warfare must wage, until Truth and Love shall begin their triumphs. Saidie and her band have now reason for rejoicing, and many are the glad anthems sung by our hearts and voices, as one and another of the long waiting line of guardians return with a glad refrain echoing through the recesses of the soul.

Earth hearts have listened to the sound of angel voices and responded thereto. Guardians have met their own, and seen their smile of loving recognition, and returned to the waiting home singing for joy. As Saidie looks o'er the land and sees where light now shines in many dark places, she says: Surely it is fitting to celebrate the advent thereof with heart-felt gladness and soul rejoicing. But children of Light, well you know that our Gospel of Love, our manifestations of power had not waited for mortals' recognition until that opening of the material mind to the tiny rappings forty-one years since.

Think you, mortals that the angel world were idly waiting the opening of that door? That we dwelt far away in our homes of Light, coming not earthward until in that small dwelling the voice of a child bade us welcome? Nay, nay, we visited your shores with power from time immemorial. It matters not to us, if the mysterious sounds, so strangely made, cease altogether. Angel power is felt in homes. Angel love blesses hearts, now, as through the ages it has oft, although we must be content with our whispers of cheer and comfort, satisfied that these were heard, and blessed a loved one. Many hearts and voices have uttered fervent, heart-felt prayers, to which answers have come, sent forth from the realm where a loved one dwelt, borne by the silent, sweet messengers of light, and the recipient thereof looked up with grateful, loving hearts, thanking not the real giver, but the mythical being to whom in blindness they had prayed. Then the angel would return, glad that comfort had been given, a blessing had been bestowed, but sorrowful that the loved one was still enwrapped in the cold mists of chilling falsehood, must still continue to pour out their longings of soul to an unknown God. Many times has Saidie in the past thus been the unknown benefactor to her sorrowing children, bearing to them the needed balm of consolation, word of wisdom and of counels and listening for the returning tide of thankfulness, heard from heart and lip words of gratitude and praise uttered to a mythic savior, existing nowhere, but in mortal brain. But thus in the past we were content to work, biding our time, knowing the time which now is with us and you, would surely come. Children, if in your hearts you feel to rejoice with the Angel world that the long hoped for time has come, let it fill your thought, at the twilight hour for which Saidie has made request.

Each soul has its own day from which to date its acceptance of higher truths, in this present life, but when again you are free to roam the fields of Light you will see and know that the time cannot be named when you saw not, knew not of the work of the unseen, in trying to manifest their presence and power to their mortal friends. Saidie bids each one good speed on all effort for their own progress and that of others. Oe'r all true-hearted and faithful ones waves the banner of her love and protection.

Peace be with you.

SAIDIE.

J. B. FAYETTE, President and Corresponding Secretary of the Sun Angels' Order of Light.

OSWEGO, March 24, 1889.

Beauty.

[Jenny Wren.]

I only speak of beauty as I see it unfolded in all that is spiritual, all that is pure, all that is divine. In the vast universe, in the natural kingdom, among the stars of heaven, among the flowers of earth, in the nature of God's children, in the heart of woman. I saw in the street of a great city a toiling woman returning to her home after the labor of the day. Her apparel was poor, her hands even hard and labor-stained; but in her eyes was the light of heaven: her soul was full of beauty as she thought of those she loved, and to whom she was returning. I watched her alight from the crowded tramcar and hurry on towards her humble dwelling.

There waited an invalid husband, and a fair child, whose loving hands tended her father so patiently all the day. Oh! how beautiful the meeting, how those worn features lit up with beauty, lighted with heaven's purest love!

I entered another dwelling; all unseen, I watched an angel woman tending a sick daughter.

I saw the devotion of a lifetime, the beautiful self-sacrifice of a heavenly soul. There entered many a stranger into that hospitable home; and never one crossed its threshold without receiving a blessing in their soul. What was the lovely influence that over-shadowed that beautiful life? To see her was to love her, and I sat at her feet for very joy, looking up into those soulful eyes with reverence and gratitude. She saw me not, and yet she smiled, and the sick child nestled closer to the warm heart, and the friend who lingered seemed reluctant to leave that hallowed spot.

Heaven in her soul, a nobility of beauty on her brow, she went on her way hopefully, trustfully, and all of self was lost in the sweet thought of others' good.

She grew more beautiful day by day, and if sometimes a shadow crossed her brow, the angel's hand was ever near to minister to her spirit's need: and she, knowing this, living in the holy communion that held her so closely to heaven's great heart of love, went on her way rejoicing.

I wandered into the couutry one sweet Spring day, and there I met a maiden, pure and fair, her face aglow with holy thoughts of love; and she was so beautiful that I stooped to kiss her white brow, over which the fair curls strayed like links of sunshine.

She looked to heaven, and smiled; and presently entered a little house where dwelt an aged woman, whose troubled life had silvered her hair like Winter's snow, and lined her face with many a pain-tracked furrow. But when the beautiful child of nature entered with her posey of flowers, and loving smile, the dear old face shone like the light of heaven, and the thin lips moved in prayer for blessing on the sweet life of God's little minister of love. They talked of many things, of the homes for the weary in the spheres of beauty and peace, of the welcome that awaited the aged pilgrim on the shore of the shining river, and that humble room was filled with angels' presence; the beauty of heaven rested upon the young maiden and the aged woman, who should so soon pass on to the beautiful land.

Then the young girl bade her good bye, and went home to her father's house, where she was lovingly welcomed, for the sunlight of love entered the home with her presence and gladdened the soul of the solitary man who had known many sorrows.

Beauty such as this the angels love to see, and many a silent mission have they in the homes where such spirits dwell in mortal form. Beloved, cultivate the beautiful in your souls, in your homes, in your daily lives, and heaven will grow around you like a sphere of love and light, and you shall be loved, not for what you possess, or for any worldly sense of honor, but because you carry heaven with you everywhere; because your influence is pure and comforting; because you are beloved of the angels, and they minister unto you.

Sweet thoughts will give beauty to the face, light to the eyes, happiness to the soul; and I know no higher riches, no grander position than to be God's loving lowly minister of beauty, love and joy.

Not the "Coincidence of Chance."

[The following is an extract from an able paper on "Spiritualism," by Rev. R. Heber Newton, published in the New York Herald:]

Spiritualism, in its modern form, has come at the very time when, if it be what it claims to be, it is most imperatively needed. History, by its stories, legends, or be they annals, records no such outbreak of spiritualistic phenomena as our age has witnessed since the birth of Christianity. There has been since that creative epoch no period approaching its importance in the evolution of religion until we reach our own time. The decay of faith in that era has its parallel in the decay of faith in our own generation. The causes are identical. The intellectual system of paganism had been then outgrown, and the intellectual system of Christianity is now outgrown. Materialism had eaten the heart out of religion then as it has done now. The change in our day is an even more radical revolution than is that of old, owing to the absolutely new knowledges which are rushing in upon the mind of man, too fast for him to order into crystalization of faith, and owing to the unprecedented wealth which is heaping up in his hands, as a result of the new industrial development, too fast for him to master in the interest of the spiritual life. That the dogmatic system of ages is tumbling to pieces, is not the worst feature of our age, though in this breakup all belief is sure to be temporarily blurred. But now, as never before in the history of man, it is hard to hold fast to the universal essential verities of faith—God, the spiritual nature of man and immortality. A very tidal wave of materialism has been setting in upon civilization through our generation threatening to submerge all the old faiths by which man has lived. If there be any spirit spheres environing our earthly life, out from whose mysterious depth mighty influence can come in upon the mind of man, and if ever those spirit spheres have brooded low above our world for fresh influxes of thought and energy upon our world, surely the time has come for such blessed inspirations. At this hour of history Spiritualism appears. As the chill air of an oncoming glacial age of Agnosticism creeps upon man, lo! a soft warm breath from the South sweeps in upon the soul, and the heart of man thaws again in the sunny faith of old. Is this the coincidence of chance, or the correspondence of design?

Diversity of opinion proves that things are only what we think them.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1889.

EDITORIAL FRAGMENTS.

It does no good to scold, or find fault with your neighbors. You cannot mend their faults in that way, while you will be very apt to cloud your own spirit. There is a bright side to every human nature, no matter how undeveloped or befogged by vice or crime. It is by this bright side, where are located the open windows of the soul, we must always approach our fellow beings if we would do them good. Try it, ye who would work the reformation of humanity. Reach forth a loving hand to the erring one; it is only thus that you can become his savior.

***

Do not, O sorrowing mortal,—O jilted child of fortune,—O victim of disaster,—waste your precious hours in thinking perpetually of your own troubles! Have you lost your fortune? Think of some poor fellow sojourner to the grave who has not only lost his fortune but his health also, and extend to him the blessing of a gentle word of sympathy. Have you lost an eye or a leg by some unfortunate disaster? Let your compassion go out to the one who has suffered the loss of both eyes, or legs. Most of the unhappiness in this world comes of brooding over our troubles. It will mostly disappear when we turn our thoughts and sympathies to others.

***

Teaching by precept has a double force when backed up by example. It is a very easy thing to tell others what to do and how to do it; not always so easy to practice what one preaches. We all know, or think we know, right from wrong. The *thought* of the right will help others, who are wavering in the balance, to a better life; but its moral force is lost upon ourselves unless we square our lives by that thought. And just here is the lesson: All the helps in the universe will profit us nothing unless we help ourselves. And the very moment we determine to help ourselves, it is amazing how numerous and potent will be the friendly forces that will come to our assistance.

***

If Spiritualists would "pool their issues" upon all questions relating to their facts and philosophy, except the central principles thereof, what a mighty power in the world they might become. But they will pull this way and that on side issues—upon questions of honesty on the part of mediums for certain phases—upon re-embodiment, spiritual science, and what not, leaving the Cause to struggle on as best it may. We allow the distracting influence of personal opinions to obstruct the exercise of our ordinary common sense. While we are willing that our neighbors should believe as much or as little as they prefer in spiritual matters, surely they ought to allow us the same privilege. We know of some good Spiritualists who actually refuse to take the Golden Gate because it does not uphold certain alleged mediums whom they believe in. This is ungenerous to say the least. It is like allowing oneself to go hungry because some one at the same table doesn't choose to partake of some particular dish that another is fond of.

***

Why is it that some men succeed in business in spite of themselves, while others fail notwithstanding they put forth the best of efforts? James Lick was a type of the former class. Having lived near him for many years it was the writer's privilege to know something of this man's personal ways. He never undertook a business project that was not marked by almost sublime folly. He built a flouring mill, in the Santa Clara valley, the heavy timbers of which were polished mahogany imported from Central America, while the mountains, a few miles distant, abounded in the choicest redwood and fir. He spent a quarter of a million of money improving a portion of his property, which he afterward donated to the Paine Hall people of Boston, and which they sold for less than $20,000. And yet, notwithstanding these and many other like follies, James Lick accumulated several millions of dollars, which he wisely gave to noble uses! Such financial contradictions are irreconcilable with all known business principles. Who can explain them?

O hearts that ache from the loss of loved ones! Be comforted with the blessed thought that there is only a thin veil between you and them! And this knowledge is the glorious boon that Spiritualism has brought to the world. How it lifts the clouds of doubt and uncertainty, and takes that heavy weight of woe out of the heart. The saddest place in all this world is an orthodox funeral, with its hopeless, cheerless gloom of the grave. Not a ray of light, not a glimmer of hope, when your unconverted loved one dies! No escape from God's wrath! Lost, lost, eternally lost! Why, it is enough to make the corpse rise up in its coffin and rebuke the "minister of God" who thus dares to malign the All-loving Father!

***

What's in a name? "The Golden Gate—Walk in." Such is the legend (upon the glass door that leads to our office) that inspired the pen of that sweet singer, James G. Clark, to indite one of his most beautiful inspirations. There is a spiritual significance in the name that thrills every sensitive soul that approaches the portals of this office. Who would not "walk in" through the "golden gate" to the joys of the higher life—indeed to all that is beautiful and ennobling in this life? How significant, also, is that other name—the name of our new seaside resort now steadily and rapidly growing into importance—"Summerland," sweet "Summerland"! No, no; it is not true; a "rose by any other name" would not "smell as sweet"—at least not in the spirit sense.

***

Just in proportion as man lives unselfishly, and kindly assists in bearing the burdens of others—helping the weak over the rough places, and the foolish to better ways of life—will he be blessed in his own spirit. What are we here for? To fatten on the labor of others, and profit by our superior ability or opportunities? By no means. It is thus that we put away the day of our own truest unfoldment. We harden our natures to the gentle influences of the spirit world. We grow tough and resistant to the softening and moulding processes of the angel ones who would lead us upward into the light and glory of true manhood or womanhood, and mould us into the image of the divine. Life is at best but a brief day. It is so short, and there is really so little of it, that it doesn't pay to be mean, or unkind, or uncharitable. We were but boys and girls yesterday; to-day, with many of us, the shadows of evening are lengthening; to-morrow ——

WHAT IT PROVES.

No intelligent person will any longer question the existence of that subtle force known by various names, but which may be summed up under the familiar appellation of animal magnetism. By means of this force, one person may dominate the will of another, and even bring the body of another into a condition not unlike that produced by a powerful anæsthetic, rendering severe surgical operations possible without pain. The French schools of medicine, which far excel our own in practical good sense, have long since learned this fact. That American physicians have not yet attained to that degree of knowledge, is simply due to their superior ignorance.

All of the manifestations of psychical force, known as spiritual phenomena, are, by some, attributed to this source. While, no doubt, some of these strange manifestations may be the result of the involuntary expression of the spirit of the so-called living, it is equally certain that other manifestations, in numerous well attested instances, could come from no other source than that of spirits who have passed on to the other life.

We are groping, as yet, in a maze of wonderful things, concerning the hidden forces of our natures. We know but little of the powers of our own spirits. But this much has come to be a generally established fact, among investigators in the realm of psychic knowledge, and that is, that man is just as much a spirit here as he ever will be. It is a well established fact that his own spirit can, through the agency of animal magnetism, dominate the will of another. If he can do this while in the body, why may he not do so out of the body? The fact that he can exercise this power here, as illustrated by Professor Carpenter and other biologists, would seem to us to make clear the possibility of the return and manifestation of the disembodied spirits, for in either state of existence they must necessarily work by the same law.

Animal magnetism, then, is the medium for the manifestation of spirit. This force pervades all animal life, just as electricity pervades all inanimate nature. It is only within the last half century that man has been able to bend these forces to intelligent uses.

We know that the message that comes to us over the wires has an individualized, conscious entity at the other end. Just so with the intelligence that comes to us through the channel of animal magnetism,—there must be an intelligent entity behind it, and we must judge of its nature by the character of the message that comes to us. If it purports to come from the spirit of some departed friend, and brings us reasonable proof thereof, we cannot understand the logic, philosophy or fairness that would attribute it to some other intelligent source or cause. We would believe the mortal friend who should wire us a message from a distant land, why should we disbelieve that same friend sending us a message from the unseen world?

HO! FOR THE SUMMERLAND PICNIC.

We had hoped to be able to offer a $10 round trip rate by rail to excursionists for the grand Pentacostal Picnic to be held at Summerland, on Sunday, May 12th. But the best rate we could obtain was $20 for the round trip, exclusive of board and sleeping accommodations, which would add fully $5 to the cost. This, of course, is out of the question. The Railroad people offer to make a $15 rate, provided we can secure 200 excursionists. This, also, we regard as impracticable.

But our Santa Barbara friends, together with many Spiritualists throughout Southern California, want the picnic, and they intend to have it, and we intend to assist them to the extent of our ability.

Now, we are offered a $15 round trip, first class, (which includes board and staterooms,) by the Pacific Coast Steamship Company. One of the largest of the company's steamships, will sail from Broadway wharf, this city, on Thursday, May 9th, at 2 o'clock P. M., the very day we at first proposed to leave by rail. This ship will arrive at Santa Barbara about sunset on Friday evening, where excursionists can remain overnight, if they so choose, and for 20 cents go down by rail to Summerland the next morning; or they may go down by carryall (as many as can be accommodated) the same evening. Board and lodging accommodations for a considerable number will be provided on the grounds.

Returning by the same steamer, we will leave Santa Barbara at 10 o'clock Monday evening, and arrive in San Francisco by daylight Wednesday morning. Thus the round trip may be made in less than six days, allowing over three days in camp, and all in a far more comfortable and enjoyable manner than by rail. Those who would join us in this trip, outside of San Francisco, (or within the city either, if they choose,) may send us the money ($15) for their tickets, and we will secure their staterooms in the order in which the names are received, and they need have no further bother about it.

Really, we ought to make up a party here of at least one hundred. Some of our best mediums and speakers have already expressed their intention to go, and we have no doubt we can make the Sunday meeting at Summerland an occasion long to be remembered.

The steamer will touch at Port Harford both on its downward and return trip—in the former instance on Friday morning, and on its return on Tuesday morning, where it will remain for a few hours. Those subject to seasickness can there enjoy their breakfast in smooth waters. But the sea is very rarely rough in May. The steamer leaves Port Harford for San Francisco about noon, thus affording those who desire, ample time to take a ride by rail (cost, 50 cents for the round trip), to the beautifully situated city of San Luis Obispo, where is located one of the finest hotels (The Ramona), in the State.

Come, friends, and as Walt Whitman says in his *Leaves of Grass*, let us, in a figurative sense, "tuck our trousers legs in our boots and go and "have a good time!"

Birthday Party.—Mrs. O. M. Washburn's 60th Birthday garden-party on Friday, April 5th, proved an ovation to her, and a pleasant afternoon to about two hundred of her friends, who enjoyed everything in and about her lovely home and grounds. A beautiful canopy was spread over about half of the garden, under which, at 1 P. M., a sumptuous collation was served, and enjoyed to the fullest, after which the time was taken up until 5 o'clock by speaking, instrumental and vocal music. The first to lead off was W. J. Colville, after which Miss Lena Crews gave some of her inspirational music upon the piano; Mrs. Cora Ellison-Morse's control "Cheeto," stepped to the front and made a beautiful presentation speech to the hostess, accompanying it with $150 gold coin, a present from her husband; then Mrs. Morse allowed Mary Roff (of the Watseka wonder fame), to control her, and she rendered a beautiful poem. At this stage, Mrs. Washburn called the audience again to order, and said she had a surprise for them; that the boy-medium, Harry Locke, was present and would give his controls an opportunity to work the occult telegraph, which he proceeded to do after a few explanatory remarks by a friend. It being the first time the controls had ever undertaken to work the telegraph except in a small home circle, they found the magnetic power present too strong to work readily, but after a few minutes they overcame it all, and the clicks came quite readily. The controls answered many questions by different ones, and gave Mrs. Washburn a birthday greeting, after which the audience were invited to examine the instrument; then Madame Flagg recited "What I Believe." A duet was then rendered by W. J. Colville and Madame Fries-Bishop; Mrs Josephine Wilson also contributed some pleasing remarks, when Mrs. J. J. Whitney was controlled and gave some tests to the host and hostess, also Mr. and Mrs. Breed from the former wife of Mr. Breed; also to Mrs. Weir, the medium of the Spirit Mrs. Breed. At 5 P. M. all were sorry to be compelled to say good-bye to friends and the place that to most had been a heaven upon earth to them for the space of five hours.

Mind Reading.—This fact, now demonstrated beyond question, and generally admitted, proves positively the spiritual nature of man. Here is a fact that ought to stagger materialism. It certainly does the intelligent kind of materialism, the only kind worth bothering with. Two young men, Norwegians, known as the Hofstad Brothers, possess this power to a degree far beyond that of Bishop, the mind-reader. They called at this office the other day, and gave an illustration of their marvelous power to read the thoughts of another, each one for himself, and in a way not even to leave a loop-hole to escape the conclusion of their genuineness. Several objects were secreted by different persons, and in each instance the person secreting it was led to the place and the object found. They were accompanied by Paul A. Smith, who will probably bring them before the public in this and adjacent towns. They are modest appearing young men, and they inform us that they have possessed this gift from infancy, and that their mother possessed it before them.

UNGOVERNABLE FORCES.

Man is justly called the Lord of Creation, for he holds sway over all creatures below him—he makes fruitful the earth, he unfolds its hidden treasures, turning them to a million uses for the comfort and wealth of himself and fellows. He utilizes the air, sunshine, and electricity as motors of gigantic power; and he has so far transformed the physical geography of the planet that it is now predicted, by some emboldened ones, that he has the power within him to create new worlds. If he cannot do that, it may be that his experience in experimenting with this one, may teach him how to better control and preserve the next he falls heir to, for with all his superiority over the beasts, birds, fowls and fishes, he has made some serious blunders, and miscalculations. Nevertheless, man is monarch, but like all earthly potentals his power is limited. Man's power stops short at storms and earthquakes. The tides and floods he can no more control than the planets in their courses. The storms come and the stoutest ships go down. The last storm left a record of fifty known wrecks, and the waves are daily washing up the wreckage of their ships and human beings, from Cape Hatteras to Funday, proving that the greatest loss of life on the billows is that never recorded.

The earthquakes come and cities go down, and the mighty hills are displaced. We trust blindly ourselves to these powers because we must. They are omnipotent, and have the effect to bend the proudest and most atheistic in supplication for mercy and protection. Our lights and fortifications that stand as guides and barriers to the sea and its wayfarers, are like the false hopes and puny efforts that we cherish and put forth against the decree of destiny.

WARREN CHASE.

This grand old veteran in the cause of Spiritualism, now on the retired list from the infirmities of age, is endeavoring to secure a modest home in Cobden, Illinois, where he and his aged companion can spend the remainder of their days. To this end he appeals to the charitably inclined of our spiritualistic faith for help. In a private letter of March 24th, speaking of the progress of his home project, the good old man says:

"The lumber is on the place and the carpenters begin to-morrow and expect to be done by the 20th of May, and expect the balance of the $500 then. I have to date received $330. They finish all but papering, as there is to be no plaster or lime in it, all sealed, and walls not painted; four rooms and all twenty-eight feet square outside, and no stairs. We can pick up furniture enough to do if we get the building paid for as we hope to. I do not feel as if I could go out and lecture again, and could not raise money if I did. I do not feel comfortable about this way of raising money to get a little home to retire in for Rachel and me, but there seemed to be no other way. If the speakers would state my case to their audiences where I have lectured they would soon relieve me; but they do not do it, and let their elder and worn-out brother and fellow-laborer go as best he can. I get such *good* letters with the small sums sent, it is a great satisfaction and makes me feel as if I had not lived in vain. Truly and gratefully, yours as ever, etc."

Come, friends, let us give the old superanuated war-horse a little boost.

At Washington Hall.—The Independent Spiritual Meeting at Washington Hall last Sunday evening, was well attended, notwithstanding the pouring rain. The exercises were of the usual interesting character. The musical part was rendered by the sweet soloist, Miss Eva Ballou, who is well known as one of our charming singers. The address of Judge Swift conclusively established the injustice and illegality of imposing license on any legitimate or lawful pursuit, trade or profession, whether it be astrology, seership, clairvoyance, or any other lawful pursuit, trade or profession. License was a privilege; to constitute a privilege, the grant must confer authority to do something which, without the grant, would be illegal. If one person has acquired a knowledge of the stars and can read the signs, and can foretell the moon's changes and the eclipses, and the effects of the planets upon the inhabitants of the earth, why should a license be exacted of the persons possessed of this knowledge? The same of clairvoyants or seers; there was no law prohibiting these professions, hence, to demand money consideration for the privilege, was without authority and unlawful. *Property alone* was the basis of taxation. Mrs. Crossette in trance, answered questions given by the audience in a very interesting manner, and with manifest intelligence far more than ordinary. Clara Mayo-Steers, by her control, "Rosa," gave some of the most convincing tests from the platform. The earnest and impressive manner of Mrs. Steers in her platform tests, seldom mislead her, and seldom fail of convincing the honest skeptic of the truth of spirit return.

State Meeting.—The Board of Trustees of the State Camp-Meeting Association, held a meeting on Tuesday evening last, to fill vacancies in the Board, also to arrange for the annual meeting. W. H. Yeaw was elected to fill the unexpired term occasioned by the resignation of S. B. Clark. The other existing vacancy was carried over till the next meeting. It was resolved to hold a State tent meeting in this city, to commence Sunday, June 9th, and continue to and including Sunday, June 30th. The big tent will be set up on some convenient vacant lot, and will be floored and comfortably seated, as at the last years' meeting in Oakland. There will be no "rebate" this year, but ten cents admission will be charged to each meeting. Among the new speakers the Board hope to secure for this meeting will be Mr. Charles Dawbarn, Miss Carrie Downer, Mrs. Crossette, Mrs. Colby-Luther and perhaps others. These, with perhaps that grand teacher, Mr. Colville, and some modest home talent, will make the meeting a success.

MR. COLVILLE'S WORK.

On Smnday last, April 7th, W. J. Colville delivered a very forcible lecture on "Lessons from John Ward, Preacher," during the regular morning service. This book is in some sense a companion to Robert Elsmere. Mrs. Ward, the preacher's wife, is a genial, lovely woman of advanced though not very definite ideas; her husband is one of the warmest of Presbyterians though an excellent man in other respects. The suffering he causes both his wife and himself is intense and the logical results of the detestable and indefensible dogmas to which he is attached. Mrs. Ward (Helen) was brought up by an Episcopal clergyman, her uncle, who is represented as a genial, good-natured man, but not a person of any very pronounced convictions; from him she imbibes no frightful doctrines, but his religious vagueness by no means satisfies his neice's enquiring mind. After her marriage she suffers the greatest distress through the vulgar and spiteful officiousness of a most objectionable type of illiterate deacon, a man who offers the Almighty a large amount of miscellaneous information at the weekly prayer meeting, and who so disgusts Mrs. Ward by his hideous views on hell, that she boldly denies his assertions to a woman who is grieving inconsolably over the loss of her husband, who though given to drink died in an endeavor to rescue a neighbor's child from a burning building.

The utter Godlessness of the infamous dogma of eternal damnation is shown up in its true light, and it is a very encouraging sign of the times that Hon. W. E. Gladstone refuses to criticise this book, declaring that it contained no attack on Christianity. When once the foul perniciousness of such doctrines as are still often preached by theological firebrands are consistently met by a sound and rational theology at one with science, and when the truth concerning sin and its consequences here and hereafter is plainly and forcibly taught there will no longer be any excuse for the promulgation of such rank falsehood as everlasting torment on the plea that it is beneficial as a deterent from crime. The same may be said of capital punishment and other relics of barbarism which it is the immediate duty of civilization to unsparingly extirpate.

At 7:30 P. M. at College Hall, 106 Macalister St., W. J. Colville lectured to a very good audience on "Jehoshua the Prophet of Nazareth." A very good review of this interesting book was given and the lecturer opened with the author Franz Hartman in his definitions of the true impersonal Christ, without endorsing his criticisms of the reported conduct of Jesus with reference to the figtree, the money changers, etc.

Classes in practical metaphysics meet Tuesday and Friday at 10 A. M. and in Theosophy same evening at 7:45.

On Sunday next, April 14th, at Metropolitan Temple, W. J. Colville's subject at 10:45 A. M. will be "The Modern Exodus and the 19th century Passover." In College Hall at 7:30 P. M. the topic will be, "The Lessons of Palm Sunday."

On Good Friday, April 19th special exercises at 7:30 P. M. will be free to all. The lecture on the closing scenes in the life of Jesus considered esoterically will be one of unusual interest. On Easter Sunday, April 21st, the music at the Temple and the College will be of rare excellence.

In Oakland, Alameda and San Jose, W. J. Colville's classes are larger than ever and at the Oakland Synagogue on Sunday at 3 P. M. the attendance is fully equal to the seating capacity. The classes in Oakland are held Monday and Thursdays each week at 2:45, and at 1725 Everett St., Alameda, same evenings at 7:45 P. M. In San Jose in Odd Fellows Hall every Wednesday at 2:15.

ONE OF HER DECENDANTS.

The Iconoclast of the Nineteenth Century, some time ago disposed of the legend of Pocahontas, sweeping it with a wave of his destructive wand out of existence, or so he thought, as his denial was given full publicity.

The election of Gen. Harrison, however, has had the effect of reviving the story and tracing a possible relationship between the once famous heroine and himself, and the Parliamentary soldier and regicide, Gen. Thomas Harrison, who was executed in 1660. We fancy that but few Americans will take much interest in the President's lineage aside from the fact that he is of a noted family, and our worthy President. Wm. Henry Harrison, was his grandfather. The world does not lay so much stress on the ancestors of its great men and women of these times as it once did. It looks directly to the men and women themselves to demonstrate the leading traits and qualities of dead and gone generations, and to make as much improvement and progress as possible over their errors and general shortcomings. We feel satisfied that the choice of the people, as expressed in the election of our last President, is in all respects a wise and good one, and that no ancestral glory could add lustre to his name.

Mrs. Logan's Meetings.—A large audience listened attentively to a description of the People's Liberty Monument as seen in a vision, and drawn on paper, by Mrs. L. L. Browne, in the year 1875. Space forbids even a synopsis of this ideal magnificent structure, but we must proceed to speak of the beautiful marching and acting by Mrs. Pruden and the little folks, as a souvenir to the arisen sister of Mrs. Logan, whose prophetic vision had given her an idea of the grand national monument yet to be. Mrs. Stevens, a fine trance medium from the East, occupied fifteen minutes' time. Mrs. Higgins, test trance medium, recently from New York, seemed imbued with the spirit that these meetings were productive of much good, and by her great, benevolent heart warmed up the audience to respond financially to their support. Professor Perkins made timely remarks and sung one of his sweet songs. The evening passed off pleasantly with an address from Dr. Houbert and others, and some fine recitations. These meetings are held every Sunday in the rear hall at the right of St. George's, 909 Market street. Mediums invited free. Admission ten cents.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—The water works for Summerland are now about ready, with an abundant supply of pure mountain spring water.

—Our picnic to Summerland, in May, together with the grand meetings to be held at the new town, promises to be an event of a lifetime. No doubt a mighty out-pouring of spirit power will be witnessed there on Sunday, the 12th of May.

—A good sister, writing from Los Angeles to renew her subscription to the GOLDEN GATE, says: "I look for the G. G. every week, and "read your editorials with interest. They fill "my soul with unselfish love towards all hu-"manity."

—The Ladies' Elsmere Club entertained their friends with a delightful social at the residence of J. D. Wheelock, 331 Geary street, on Saturday evening last. This Club is the foster mother of the Elsmere Free Kindergarten, and right nobly is it caring for the little waifs under its charge. The above social was for the benefit of the kindergarten.

—W. J. Colville is now located at 1119 Sutter street, San Francisco. He will hold open inquiry meetings for all persons interested in the study of Spiritual Science, at the above address, every Tuesday and Friday. Friends invited at 3 o'clock. Instruction given from 3:30 till 5. All letters for W. J. Colville should be addressed as above.

—The Union Spiritualists had a large audience at their meeting last Wednesday evening. Tests were given by Mrs. E. Nickless, Mrs. E. Perkins and other mediums. Mrs. E. B. Crossette answered questions as usual. Mr. E. Hershberg sang a solo, and Mrs. Katz gave reveral piano solos. On next Wednesday evening there will be the usual meeting, when Mrs. Ladd-Finnegan will be present and give tests.

—Mrs. J. J. Whitney, in a letter to *Alcyone*, says: "We are all enthused over Summerland, "and expect to have an excursion down there in "May, to stay about five days. I have six lots "next to the Temple. I will put up a $1,500 "cottage as soon as we get ready to have our "camp there. I hope to see you there. I shall "have a nice large circle room, and I will have a "room purposely for Mrs. Carrie Twing. I know "she and her controls would please the people "here."

—That excellent medium, our old friend, Mrs. M. Miller, has removed from her former residence, 114 Turk street, to 1165 Mission, near Eighth street, where she has newly furnished the spacious parlors for the use of her patrons and friends. We congratulate her upon the change, and know that the latch-string at that house will always be where her friends can reach it. And a warm welcome awaits the old and tried as well as honest investigators in the new gospel of truth and spiritual knowledge.

—Among those who have signified their intention to join us in the grand pentecostal picnic excursion to Summerland by steamer, on Thursday, the 9th of May, we are pleased to mention Dr. Nellie Beighle, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Whitney, Mrs. O. M. Washburn, Miss Hattie Washburn, Mrs. Addie Ballou, Mrs. Melissa Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Law, Madame Fries-Bishop, Mrs. Carrie M. Robinson, Mrs. M. Smith, Mr. H. C. Menomy and Mr. W. H. Yeaw. As we shall be absent from San Francisco only four week days—Friday, Saturday, Monday and Tuesday—the trip need not interfere very seriously with any one's ordinary business arrangements. It will afford just the recreation that most of us busy bodies need.

ASTOR'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

No more fitting or sensihle memorial was ever left to one's memory than the above institution, founded by John Jacob Astor in remembrance of his wife, and opened but a few days ago on Mott street, New York. As in New York, so it is every where, those who have made the needs of the poor a practical study, find that the distress of the poor classes is not so much due to insufficient wages earned by heads of families, as to ignorance of wives and daughters, who have no knowledge or judgment in their system of using money.

The untidiness of homes and their inmates, the poor fare, and the general lack of neatness and comfort is all due to the same cause, ignorance of how to do and manage. It has come to be understood that the only remedy for the long prevailing evil, is to educate the daughters of the poor, fitting them to become true helpmates to the class of men from whom they will choose husbands.

The above named industrial school is for the special training of girls, not only to be skilled domestics, but to have sufficient knowledge of cooking, laundry work and sewing and general housework as shall make them model homemakers.

The girls' school on Tompkins Square, and New York Cooking school, added to the above, now five years in operation, are surely enough to insure the training of girls for good and prudent wives, particularly those of New York City.

We should be better pleased to know that corresponding efforts were being made to fit the young men to become good and prosperous husbands. Since kind and wealthy ladies take so much interest in our girls, it is only reasonable that the gentlemen should take the young men in hand, and teach them the duties of husbands.

HIS MOTHER'S GRAVE.

People of all beliefs and religions and philosophies hold sacred the last resting place of the so-called dead, while cities and nations build monuments, or otherwise designate and protect the spots of earth where their heroes, benefactors and celebrities lie entombed. Near the city of Fredericksburg, Virginia, yes, within its limits, is the grave of Washington's mother, and the piece of land containing it is soon to be sold at public auction, and up to a few days ago no measures had been taken to save the spot from desecration. Virginia has been a proud State, but it seems sadly wanting in patriotism to have allowed the grave of the mother of its first and greatest President, to go unmarked by a suitable monument. It is no less strange that the Northern States permitted the negligence to go unrebuked. It is thought that the mention of the proposed sale will be sufficient to attract attention from the North, if Virginia makes no move in the matter. We know it does not make a particle of difference to the long deceased, whether her narrow house is preserved or erased from the face of the earth. But while this planet is a stopping place for mortals on their way to Soul-Land; and so long as death causes loneliness, sorrow, and desolation to those left waiting on the storm-beat shores of Time, so long as great and good men and women bless the world by their living, so long will we, and must we mark the mounds of sod raised above their beloved and honored remains. Graves are more than reminders of sorrow, and for those who would contemplate and profit by the lives of brave and useful men and women, we build monuments, as object lessons.

Medium's Meeting.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Fraternity Hall, 909 1-2 Market street, is getting to be a lively center for the spirit forces to congregate. A Lyceum is held at 10:30 A. M., and last Sunday (April 7th) a medium's meeting was held at 2:30 P. M. by the managers of the Young People's meeting which is held in the evening. Contrary to the general expectations there were over ninety people by actual count who attended this new enterprise.

Mr. and Mrs. Perkins conducted the exercises, which were opened by some rousing singing, and Mr. P. C. Thomson gave a most interesting and instructive address upon mediumship, relating some remarkable experiences that he had passed through. Mr. Thomson is one of a few wealthy Spiritualists who is not afraid to let his light shine, and who is always ready to lend a hand to assist his fellow man in his endeavors to rise out of dark and troubled conditions. It is to be hoped that the spirit world may bring out more of such noble workers to instruct us all in this beautiful philosophy.

Mr. H. W. Abbott, late of Denver and eastern cities, and who has been known as the "Boy Medium" also made some very interesting remarks and accepted an invitation to be present next Sunday to give platform tests; a treat is anticipated. Mrs. Davis, a new medium, also made some practical remarks acknowledging some fine tests received from Mrs. Perkins, who also made a few remarks following with many convincing tests. It is not the purpose of these reports, to cover ourselves with gush and glory, or to form a mutual admiration society, but to give a modest and plain statement of the main features of our meetings; and when we say no better meetings, where the truths of Spiritualism comes unadulterated, are in the city, we feel it to be a fact. "The truth and nothing but the truth," presented in a harmonious manner is the aim of the managers.

A similar meeting at the same place and hour will be held every Sunday, unless "the powers that be" interfere. Come out and see for yourselves,

ONE OF 'EM.

The Young People's Meeting.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Notwithstanding the rain Sunday evening (April 7th), there was the usual number at Fraternity Hall, to listen to the exercises as conducted by G. F. Perkins. The spirited manner of singing the grand spiritual hymns is a very effectual prelude to the songs and readings as rendered by Mr. Perkins, Mr. Fountain, Mr. Ely and others. Then followed Dr. J. Dooley of Philadelphia, who delivered from manuscript an exceedingly interesting and masterly discourse upon "Creation." The Doctor writes under inspiration, and delivers by manuscript. It is to be regretted that a verbatim report could not be given of this lecture, for it should be read by everyone. We were sorry to learn that the Doctor would not be with us again, as he was to leave for St. Louis on Monday evening. And so we have to part with so many of our grand teachers, they "come over to Macedonia to help us" just long enough to make us feel our dependence upon them, and "*presto* change," they are gone.

Mrs. Thomson followed the address, with a beautiful little instructive speech by a German control, which filled us all with happy thoughts and higher aspirations. Then followed Robert Burns with a gem of a poem, using a bouquet of flowers for a subject. We might read many poems of less spirituality and purer aspirations than this one which was delivered by this control so promptly and with no hesitation whatever. This noble lady and her good husband, like the Doctor, is soon to leave us, and we feel as though we had lost a good adviser and a true Spiritualist from our midst, when each of them shall depart for their Eastern home.

Mrs. Perkins followed Mrs. Thomson with a large number of strikingly convincing tests, and the appreciation of the audience was shown by their strict attention, and the large number who crowded around her to thank her and acknowledge what had heen given, as the meeting closed.

There will be a very interesting program next Sunday exvning. Come out, friends, and encourage the managers.

"ONE OF 'EM."

The Anniversary in Seattle.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The Northwestern Society of Spiritualists celebrated the Forty-first Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism on Sunday, March 31st, by two services, morning and evening, both being well attended and very interesting,—a short discourse appropriate for the occasion in the morning, followed by several giving something of their experience, and how it had awakened a new life in them. The evening consisted first of a musical and literary entertainment, Miss Amy Prescott giving us some fine music, as well as leading the singing for the entire congregation.

All efforts were appreciated, but Miss Rachel Hummell, a young elocutionist, deserves our praise, giving us "Whistling in Heaven," and as the applause was so great and prolonged, as an encore, "The Blacksmith's Story." Her efforts since she started out before the public at entertainments, have been well received.

The exercises being closed a short address was given,—speaking warmly and well of what Spiritualism treats and of its truths; but we do not wish to intrude too long on your valuable time to enter the merits of the address. Thinking you might desire to know something of the Northwest, we presumed to write. Ever yours in the cause of truth and humanity.

S.

SEATTLE, W. T., April 2, 1889.

Spirit Message.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The following message came at our regular circle last week, through Mr. Charles Fish, as requested by Mr. Solomon W. Jewett. The communicant was an old-time friend and neighbor of the writer, each being born close under the Green Mountains of Vermont. Mr. E. R. Jewett was a printer, and served his time first with J. W. Copeland, at Middlebury. He published a paper in Montpelier, and from there went to Buffalo and published a weekly, tri-weekly and daily for many years. While there, he published some remarks hinging on the character of a young, giddy officer of the Government, who met him after it in the street, and asked Mr. Jewett if he wrote it; he replied in the affirmative. The officer shot at him and the ball lodged in Mr. Jewett's wallet and saved his life.

The officer was sent to the penitentiary for ten years, but was pardoned out through the benevolence of Mr. Jewett, in two years. Mr. Jewett was a gentleman, kind-hearted and affable in manners, but strongly opposed to Spiritualism while here. I send the following message hoping you may find space for the same.

Fraternally,

RILEY M. ADAMS.

VINELAND, March 31, 1889.

COUSIN AND BROTHER SOLOMON:

You have summoned me and I cheerfully respond to your call, well knowing your strong faith and earnestness in the great cause that has attracted the attention of the thinking world in all ages of the past and doubly so in the present, when instructions through which it is possible for spirits to communicate are constantly multiplying on every hand. You must know, when you scan the past history of the world's people, that man is a positive being, and that the capabilities of the human spirit have demonstrated themselves to be multitudinous and subject to a growth that has been the absorbing admiration of the thinking portion of humanity.

The arts and sciences on every hand show to you that advancement and improvement move in every department of the vast universe, and that among the many subjects and discoveries of the past the important one of intercourse between the spiritual and physical world are alike subject to change, advancement and improvement from away back as far as finite man can penetrate down to the present. The work of growth and the march of progression towards a more perfect mode of communication are visible on every hand. When the first rap awakened the sleeping world to a realizing sense that though man dies and is buried he lives again in the spiritual, down to the present, we see on every hand the march of improvement in the way of communicating between the two worlds, all of which have been spoken of and are heralded in advance of their appearance by the spirits through their mediums, and yet the world at large doubts. But remember well that the time will come when we will stand face to face with you and converse as in the flesh, for the facilities for such things are constantly becoming more and more perfected through the wonderful discoveries and inventions of the mind which contains the essence of the real man.

It is a source of great satisfaction to be able to reveal these things to those who have been our associates in the march through physical life, and it is good to be able to instruct those in the form, by way of preparation for the higher condition when they, too, will lay down the burden of physical life. To all we would say, Live for the greatest good of the largest number, and thereby bring the sunshine of intelligence unto many otherwise dreary minds, and usefully be ready at all times to instruct, elevate, and make glad the brother or sister along the desert journey of life.

It matters little to any when they have passed over, when that journey is ended; but it matters much of what use they have made of their talent while here. It is not the great uses of high-sounding titles that experience the full measure of joys, but the humble one who has invested their every talent in a way that it has grown higher and increased a hundred-fold, and shed the glow of comfort to the surrounding companions of earth's weary march.

Say to all that the harvest is ripe and the true laborers are few; but now and then we meet along the pathway of life some who are sincere, and such we count the salt of the earth. I would like you to move on as you have done; falter not, do all the good you can and as little harm, for the angel world is watching over you all, and expect grand results of those who have seen the light.

With this epistle unto you, be faithful to the end.

Your cousin and brother,

E. R. JEWETT.

Proof Positive.

[The following letter which explains itself, we publish as a deserved compliment to Mrs. J. J. Whitney.]

DAVISVILLE, March 31, 1889.

MR. J. J. OWEN.—*Dear Sir:* On Thursday last, the 28th inst., myself and friend called upon you for advice as to whom, in your judgment, would be the best medium for us to consult. We did not give our names for the reason that my friend was a little skeptical upon the subject. Among the names given us was that of Mrs. Whitney. We called upon that lady, and the result was *most satisfactory*.

It was our intention to have visited others, but the information received through her was so convincing that we thought it useless to go elsewhere. We intended to have called upon you and to have reported the result of our sittings, but time would not permit.

Please accept our many and sincere thanks for your courtesy. I have been a believer in the doctrine of Spiritualism for thirty-five years, and ever since it was first introduced in California. My friend is now thoroughly convinced of the truth of our teachings. I remain very respectfully,

Yours for truth,

J. F. CLOUTMAN.

Advice to Mothers.

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[TITLE PAGE.]

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NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM will meet every Sunday at 10:30 A. M., in Fraternity Hall, Pythian Castle Building, Nos. 909½ and 913½ Market street, between Fifth and Sixth. The hall is commodious and well arranged for this purpose. Strangers and all those interested are respectfully invited to attend.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS meet every Sunday at 2 P. M., Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. All are invited. Admission, 10 cts. The Library and Reading Room of this Society is located at 841 Market street, "Carrier Dove" office, and is open every week day from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

METAPHYSICAL COLLEGE, 106 McALLISTER Street—W. J. Colville lectures every Sunday, at 7:30 P. M., and conducts classes for thoroughly practical instruction in Spiritual Science, Tuesdays and Fridays, at 10 A. M. Lectures and conversations on Theosophy, Tuesdays and Fridays, at 7:45 P. M.

UNION SPIRITUAL SOCIETY MEETS EVERY Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock, at St. Andrews' Hall, No. 111, Larkin street. Mrs. E. B. Crossette, the Inspirational Speaker, and Mrs. Ladd Finnegan and Mrs. E Perkins, will give tests at every meeting. Admission, 10 cents. All invited.

SPIRITUAL CIRCLE OF HARMONY IN ST. Georges' Hall, 909 Market street, between Fifth and Sixth streets, Sundays, at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Everybody invited. Perfect liberty for all to participate. Mrs. F. A. Logan, presiding. Admittance, 10 cents.

LECTURE TESTS AND SPIRITUAL HEALING, by Mrs. Edith E. R. and Dr. J. R. Nickless, of New York, at St. Andrew's Hall, No. 111 Larkin street, every Sunday evening, until further notice, commencing March 3d, at 7:45 o'clock. All are invited; seats free.

W. J. COLVILLE LECTURES EVERY SUNDAY in Metropolitan Temple. Services commence precisely at 10:45 A. M. Organist, Prof. Eckman; soprano, Mme. Marie Bishop. Everybody invited.

CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM MEETS every Sunday at Fraternity Hall, corner of Seventh and Peralta streets. Get off at Center street station. Strangers and friends always welcome.

THE PEOPLE'S SPIRITUAL MEETING IS HELD every Sunday evening, at 7:30 o'clock, in Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. Speaking and platform tests by the best mediums at every meeting.

FIRST PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION of Oakland, meets every Sunday at Fraternity Hall, corner of Seventh and Peralta streets. Meetings at 3 and 7:30 p. m.

OPEN MEETING.—ON AND AFTER SUNDAY, November 11th, at 2 o'clock, a Bible Class will be held at the Home College, 324 Seventeenth street. All will be welcome.

MRS. J. R. WILSON'S CLASSES IN SPIRITUAL Science, at 105 McAllister street, on Monday and Thursday, at 2 P. M. 1m*

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Come to a Knowledge of the Truth.

BY MRS. L. E. DEANE, P. T. S.

In the dim distance of ages long ago forgotten, of which we have no record through tradition, sacred or profane history, doubtless the same desire for life dwelt within the souls of men and women as now.

Then as now, at times the divine spark, the central germ of eternal life, would send a ray of light through heart and brain illuminating the soul, and baptizing the surrounding darkness with a halo of peace and rest.

For the moment hope rises with the inspiring thought, spreads her wings for flight to some fairer world of light and love; joy wipes away the tears of grief and care; Earth and its shadows recede from sight, and heaven opens her gates for the winged messengers of a soul struggling for freedom from mortal chains.

And though 'tis for the moment only, O! the rapture of that moment and the lesson traced with indelible symbols long to be remembered.

"But why not stay, delighted messenger, now that thou hast entered here?"

"Ah! child of Heaven I am only a servant searching for truth, sent out by one who is still a prisoner in mortal form and must return with the lesson received to the soul waiting in darkness and bondage.

"Was it not for such as I, the prison doors could never open to earth's children, nor light from on high send its cheering rays through the barred windows of souls yet in bondage to matter.

"No, no, I cannot stay, I must now away." And like a darting arrow the messenger sped through the open gateway and down through the darkness like the lightning's flash, piercing storm-cloud and raindrop, illuminating all on whom it cast its rays. And though it be only for the moment, each traveler along the highway of its course feels its inspiring presence, and strengthened thereby, gathers courage for the day. But Oh! how like one who has lost his way on a starless night while thick clouds with their pent up showers spread their sable mantle above his head; he too finds joy with every lightning flash, and gathering fresh hope for the moment rushes forward with a bound as far as the eye can reach and makes sure the way.

He gains only a few steps, and the darkness returns more blinding than before. Overcome with fear least he stumble and fall, he stops, and with cautious steps gropes slowly along the way until another flash lights up the surrounding darkness, when with searching gaze he makes sure another bound and a few steps are gained.

Thus he advances but slowly, even blindly at times, with only now and then a flash of light; amid the cheerless night he journeys on without a guide, not knowing whence or whither.

Such is the travail of every soul on the journey of life through the lower conditions of mortal sense and time.

Now and then the light within bursts its fetters, and, like a carrier dove wings its way back to the home long eons agone forsaken, the memories of which are lost from consciousness, and only return at long intervals like sweet memories of half forgotten dreams of loved ones, home and Heaven. Even such dim visions of a brighter, fairer, purer life in some world to which hope seems drawn by cords of love, cheers the weary traveller, renews courage, gives strength for labors yet to come and lightens the burdens and cares of each succeeding day.

But how unsteady is progress made. At times like a darting arrow, then blindly and slow through dark valleys of doubt and fear. So it must be, O, tired mortal! until the Ego, the I Am within, gives birth to the spiritual soul and thou art regenerated from the bondage of mortal passions, selfish ambition and love of earthly fame and glory.

The inner light, the Ego, being the Christ, or in other words, the Buddhi, ever waiting within the bosom of the spiritual soul, sending out its rays of peace and light, illuminating at times the rugged pathway, like a star of hope, gives joy and gladness whenever it appears along the way.

This light within never goes out. 'Tis a perpetual emanative ray from the bosom of the great Over-soul. Its "Father's house," the boundless universe; its pathway, the cycles of eternity. Though the darkness that surrounds it may become so intense at times that all anticipations for life for more than a few short years, burdened with sorrow, haunted by fears, subdued by pain and mental suffering, until hope takes wings and all life seems but fitful slumbers of a night of years.

Still, "the light shines in darkness, but the darkness comprehends it not." Oh, yes, the light is still there, weary traveler, though doubt and uncertainties fill your soul with dread, and you seem to have lost your way; do not despair, or give over to fear, or listen to the voice of the tempter to turn back, for the light within will again pierce the gloom, the darkness flee away, and the morning will again appear more beautiful than before.

Remember, oh earth-bound soul, that joy gestates in sorrow; pleasure in pain; happiness in misery, and peace in the womb of conflict. Every germ that unfolds into active life must first gestate in darkness. Every tiny plant that lifts its head to drink in the sunlight and air, must first endure the dampness and gloom of earth's cold bosom, there to struggle with the conflict of growth and birth ere it can behold the joys of day. There is no birth but is the outgrowth of death, for everything born or grown from the earth, something has died.

It is said there is no death, which is also true in the esoteric, or, spiritual understanding of life; for, the first principles of matter, the minute atoms with which all material forms are built up, do not change or die. But the forms thus built up do; they are constantly changing, and finally disintegrate and pass away and are gone forever, hence die.

This is apparent with all the forms through which the Ego passes on its journey through matter to perfect the soul in divine love, wisdom and power. Then let every sorrow, and every mistake be considered lessons for growth, every temptation be a lesson to strengthen and overcome error, and every condition through which you are forced to pass, the best for you.

Listen to the warning of the silent prompter within, who is ever knocking at the door of conscience to point the way up the height where mortal sorrow, sickness, pain and death may not come. Cultivate your will to dare and do the right, though your feet bleed and limbs grow weary, though cares multiply and poverty clothe you in rags, though justice, love and truth are veiled from sight, and the frowns of a pitiless world heed not your sighs or tears. Even then, oh tired earth-bound traveler, consider the dark clouds above your head; the sun shines as bright beyond, and the raindrops that fall from its overflowing bosom but lessens its weight of gloom, and refreshes the parched earth below, giving new life to foliage, fruit and flower.

Then let the tear-drops fall when the heart is sad, and the soul is darkened with doubts and fears, that withered hopes may be refreshed, new joys chase away the gloom, and a brighter sun dispel the surrounding darkness. More anon.

MEDICAL LAKE, W. T., March 29, '89.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

The New Illumination.

BY ELLA L. MERRIAM.

How beautifully the Great Lamp of spiritual truth lights up our shadowy pathway! With what glorious colors it paints the skies, whose reflected radiance charms and brightens our lower homes! What rapturous melodies wafted from its celestial choirs, reverberated thrqugh the inner temples of our immortal being, and what joyful tidings are conveyed upon its interminable breezes! What glowing revelations crown our days with delight, and fill our nightly visions! "Knowledge is power," and we *know*, through the same overwhelming authority, that we are immortal; we know that all the profitable realities and laudable pursuits of this life will continue unto perfection in that future existence. We know that we are attended, assisted and beloved every day, by those who are most delighted in our earthly happiness, and that these undying interests are highly intensified in the spirit state. And we also know, that every trial, every disappointment and every conflict in life, is a lesson, an indispensable discipline for our higher unfoldment ere we enter more extended realms of research.

This knowledge makes us strong, makes us brave, makes us patient, makes us cheerful, makes us confident and gives us capacity and wisdom to assist others who have not received this light that yet shall light every man that cometh into the world. Oh, reach out for *more light*, for increased knowledge, for more extended vision, for newer perceptions and broader charities and greater victories, that life, with all its unrevealed enjoyments and divine responsibilities and intricate problems, may appear as an open book of ever new and interesting pages to be scanned and solved.

LOS ANGELES, Cal.

The Anniversary in Portland.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The First Society of Spiritualists celebrated the 41st Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism in good shape last Snnday. The Grand Army Hall was filled with our people, from 10 o'clock in the morning until about 10 in the evening. We brought our dinners and made things lively all day. Nearly 400 people visited us through the day. When Moody was here, I noticed that he always asked at his meetings that all the Christians would hold up their hands so he could better judge of the standing of the crowd he was talking to. A request was made at our meeting that all who were Spiritualists would hold up their hands. I think every hand went up but about six, and they were investigators. So, you see, the work is going bravely along.

Mrs. Flora Brown is our main stay. She is developed for both slate-writing, rapping and business tests. Everybody is well pleased; she has made a great success here. She is assisted by Mrs. Minor, Mrs. Ewing, Prof. Ewing and Mrs. Cornelius; altogether, they make a strong team that is sure to convert some of the doubtful every night. I enclose one of our programs so you may see how we celebrated.

The other two societies held meetings at the same hours we held ours. I understand they were well attended.

CICERO NEWELL.

PORTLAND, Or., April 2, 1889.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Three Remarkable Books.

BY A. E. HUTCHISON, M. D.

A half a century ago, Rev. Robert Taylor of England wrote in prison his "Digesis." He was one of the best linguists of his day, and founder of the "Christian Evidence Society."

In hunting for evidences of Christianity, he unearthed what he and his friends did not expect. He gathered too much. His evidences, instead of confirming Christian dogma they overturned it, and found that Jesus was a myth, a fiction, a celestial and astronomical god; he found there was a Jesus of the second gospel and another of the fourth gospel; he found these corresponded with two saviors in the celestial or solar mythos.

Recently it has been stated by the learned in such matters, that the "Lord's Prayer" is an out and out plagiarism from an ancient Buddhistic formula. The Lord, under the appellation of Savior, has no substantial footing or existence anywhere in written or unwritten lore, except the mythos of fable, and that myth in the solar and stellar firmament. There; this savior business is represented by a great variety of personages. Bacchus, the god of grapes and wine, was a savior. Jupiter, sometimes called Zeus, was a savior. In the private recesses and hidden collection of relics and sacred baubles in St. Peter's of Rome, is a stone cylinder of a peculiar shape and significance, and on which is inscribed in Greek. [We cannot give the Greek inscription.—ED. G. G.] Zeus or Jupiter, the Savior.

The three letters "I. H. S.," which is seen in churches to-day, is found to be an ancient monogram of Bacchus, the wine god. The clergy put it in Latin and say it means *Jesus Hominum Salvator*—Jesus, the Savior of men.

That Jesus was born without a father is a peculiarity that belongs to all Gods and all Saviors. That impossible thing in nature, a fatherless "brat" as Beecher called Mary's child, is easy enough in the literature of mythology, and puts no strain on one's faith to so accept it.

The Roman legend of Romulus and Remus being nursed by a she wolf is a part of similar fictions where animals as the dove, the swan, bear, wolf, panther and numberless others, were, either in fact or titular understanding, the parents of persons and divinities. A divine being must always have a supernatural origin. Eve from the man's rib, but in Iceland from the man's thumb. Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, from the forehead of Jupiter.

Stukely, an ecclesiastical writer, observes that the patronymic of Jesus Christ was panther, and that panthers were the nurses and bringers up of Bacchus, and adds, "'Tis remarkable that Panther was the surname of Joseph's family our Lord's foster father. Jesus was a very common name among the Jews. Hence he was called Jesus Ben Panther."

Mr. Taylor observes with a confidence that challenges confutation, that all there is of Christianity, its tenets, ritual, and observances; its steepled churches, vestments and painted windows, the mitre, the crozier and the cross, all have been captured from the pagans of former days. After a careful reading of the Digesis this impression was the result, namely: That no Christian who is honest with himself could become possessed with the knowlebge therein contained and be a Christian thereafter.

The second remarkable book will make the theme of another article.

STOCKTON, CAL., April 6, 1889.

Growth of Spiritualism.

[New York Sun.]

After carefully and critically examining the history and phenomena of what is known as spiritualism since its start, forty years ago, in the rappings produced by the Fox sisters, Professor Joseph Jastrow reaches the conclusion in the *Popular Science Monthly* that the case of those who attribute its manifestations to a supernatural cause "has now been so much weakened that it can no longer enter as a serious possibility into the minds of such as guide their belief by reason."

This has been the usual verdict of science from the beginning, and yet Spritualism has gained some of its firmest converts among scientific men who entered upon its investigation with a profound skepticism. One of the latest of these, we are told, is a distinguished professor in a New England college; and the list includes men of scientific renown in England, in Germany, and in other countries of Europe. There was no more acute intellect at the bar of New York than the late Judge Edmunds, but he was ready to sacrifice even his reputation for sanity in order to preach Spiritualism. The same may be said of Luther R. Marsh, who accepted the paintings of Mrs. Diss Debar as the work of the disembodied spirits of Rubens, Titian and Raphael, wretched as they were in every artistic sense. The handsome reward offered in the *Sun* by a physician for a scientific test of the authenticity of the so-called spiritual manifestations has only stirred up Henry Kiddle to pity for him as lacking in the inner enlightenment necessary to perceive the supernatural character of the phenomena.

The number of devout believers like Mr. Kiddle, and of those who are almost convinced, now reaches millions in the world. After Spiritualism was first carried to England by Mrs. Hayden from Boston in 1852, it spread all over Europe, and when Home appeared in London, coming also from this country, it received a new impulse, and not so much among the ignorant and the humble as among the educated and exalted. The medium, Dr. Slade, has also secured many converts and the Spiritualists now publish about 100 journals, forty of which are in Spanish and printed in Spain and South America. In French and German they have fifteen or twenty. There are twenty-six in this country, and even in Australia there are four. The English spiritualistic organs advertise Sunday meetings in sixty towns and eighty rooms.

A Prophetic Dream.

[Vallejo Times.]

Some days before the late disaster at Samoa, the wife of an officer at Mare island awoke from her first sleep, trembling and in tears, and related to her husband a fearful dream experience. She thought she had been in her dream transported to the island of Samoa, and from the shores of the harbor of Apia looked upon the American and German fleets. Suddenly a storm arose, and the harbor was swept by a fierce tornado. Ship after ship went ashore, and the spectators united in offering up prayers for the preservation of the remaining vessels. Lastly, the "Vandalia" and "Trenton" dragged their anchors, and, as the former vessel was dashed upon the reef and almost immediately sank. Mrs. —— witnessed the death of Captain Schoonmaker, Lieutenant Sutton and Paymaster Armes, the three officers who were the victims of the actual disaster of March 16th.

The picture was so vivid and real that Mrs. —— for days was nervous and agitated, thinking only of her dream, and relating it to others, always insisting that the vessels and friends so recently gone from Mare island must certainly be exposed to some fearful peril, and when the fictitious story of the sinking of the "Nipsic" reached us she concluded this to be the interpretation of her dream. The falsity of this story being proved, Mrs. —— was, of course, disposed to make light of her vision; but now comes a tale of disaster infinitely more sad than the fiction which agitated our country for so many days—an event corresponding most closely with this apparently prophetic dream.

In this story—capable of perfect authentication—we have a good record for the archives of the Psychical Society.

When Benjamin Butler was 21 he formed the famous Leather Apron Club, to which no one was admitted until he laid his hand on his heart and solemnly repeated: "I love mankind; I think no man should be harmed because of his opinions; I love the truth—will seek it diligently, and when found make it known to others."

SPIRITUAL SCIENCE.

W. J. Colville's new series of thoroughly practical instruction in Spiritual and Mental Science, as applied to the preservation of health and the abolition of discord and sickness, will be given at the Metaphysical College, 106 McAllister street, San Francisco, Tuesdays and Fridays, at 10 A. M. Commencing Tuesday, April 2d, concluding Friday, May 10, 1889.

LIST OF SUBJECTS—SPIRITUAL SCIENCE.

April 2d.—"Statement of Being; or, The Rock upon Which we Build."

April 5th.—DENIAL. "Why and How we Deny Error."

April 9th.—AFFIRMATION. "Why and How we Affirm Truth."

April 12th.—THOUGHT. "How to Think Truly so as to Relate our Minds to Health and Harmony."

April 16th.—INTUITION. "How to Develop True Individuality."

April 19th.—"The Conscious and Unconcious Action of Mind;" A Lesson on Chemicalization.

April 23d.—FAITH. "What it Is and How it Relates us to Universal Spirit."

April 26th.—HEREDITY. "What we Inherit and How we Inherit it."

April 30th.—WILL. "How to Use our Will so as to Harmonize it with the Infinite."

May 3d.—"General Rules for Treatment; or, The Truth Practically Exemplified."

May 7th.—"Treatment in Special Cases; Self Treatment and Self Protection."

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April 5th.—"Universal Brotherhood; The Keystone of a New Civilization."

April 9th.—"The Soul and its Human Embodiments."

April 12th.—"The Sevenfold Constitution of Man."

April 16th.—"Karma; The Law of Cause and Effect."

April 19th.—"The Life and Death of Jesus; Considered as Typical of the Soul's Perfect Conquest in Expression."

April 23d.—"The Mystical Resurrection; or, The Regenerate and Triumphant Soul."

April 25th.—"Involution and Evolution; or, How Theosophy Accounts for Creation."

April 30th.—"An Esoteric Interpretation of Spiritual Titles, *Christ*, *Budha*, *Messiah*."

May 3d.—"The True Spiritual Marriage; or, The Re-united Soul."

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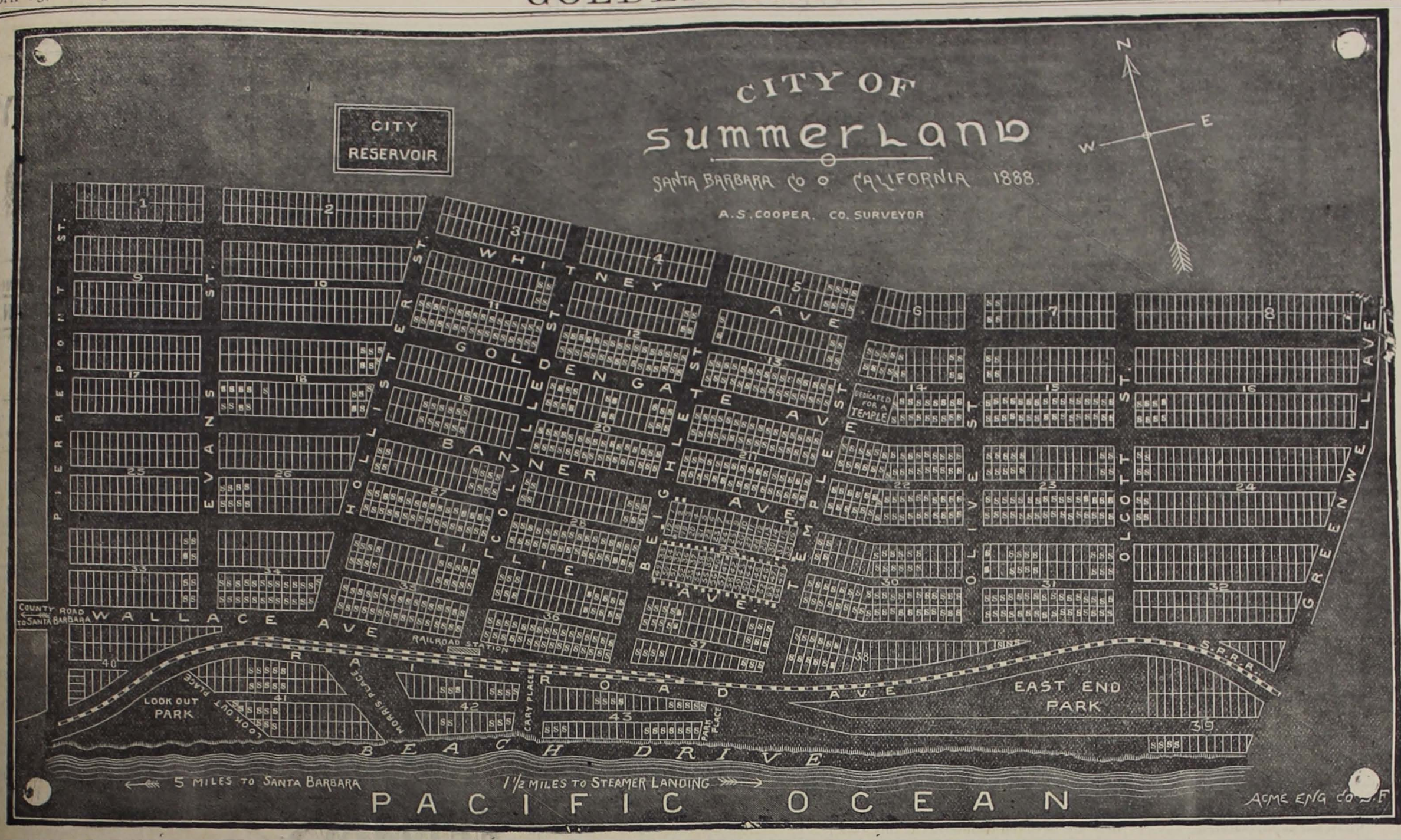
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The above lectures were delivered to Mr. Morse's private classes in San Francisco, Cal., during October, 1887, and are now published for the first time. The two lectures upon mediumship are especially valuable to all mediums and mediumistic persons. Cloth, 12 mo. pp. 159. Price, $1. Postage, 5 cents extra.

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The Golden Gate.

BY JENNY WREN.

"Leave the door open," said a little child,
"Me wants to see the light!"
Dear angel guardians, pure and undefiled,
With robes so clear and bright;
We pray thee linger on that golden shore,
And let its radiance through the open door.

The golden gate is open wide and free,
Bright angels come and go,
To where those many happy mansions be,
The shining way we know,
Only lead thou the way, dear angel-guide,
So shall we safely reach the golden side.

Life is a chequered page, an unknown song,
Hot tear-drops blot its leaves;
Oftimes we falter, and the way seems long,
So few our harvest sheaves.
But ever through the golden gate ajar,
We catch the gleaming of Hope's morning star.

Blest light of Truth, thy rays of love Divine,
Come streaming on our way;
And teach us still to love the voice sublime
That leads to perfect day.
Sweet angel-guides, be near us; kindly wait
To bid us enter at the golden gate.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Mother.

BY OLIVER LIBBY.

When the world seems drear and cold,
And the heart is well-nigh breaking,
Then from memory's deepest hold
Thoughts of early days are waking—
Childhood days, when mother dear
Wiped away the transient tear.

Happy days, forever gone,
Gone ere I had learned their blessing;
Life was radiant as the morn,
Summer airs my brow caressing;
Precious hours when mother's smile
All my troubles could beguile.

Cares are in my pathway now,
Troubles which are sorely trying,
Pains and fevers scorch my brow,
All my powers of soul defying;
Still no mother's hand is near,
None to wipe the scalding tear.

Mother, mother, hast thy care
Gone from me, thine own, thine erring?
Can thy heart no longer share
Sorrows that my soul are stirring?
Canst thou not, O! mother dear,
Wipe away this burning tear?

No loved hand is near me now,
None to hear my deep complaining,
None to soothe my aching brow,
None my drooping soul sustaining.
Mother! all my life is drear,
Come, oh, come, and dry this tear.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Immortality.

BY FREDRICK GERHARD.

"From Death arises still more precious life!"
So says the poet, and his lofty word
Is true and strong as is the word of God:
It finds an easy door to every heart,
And breathes of immortality to man.
With this conception, man cannot believe
That, though his mortal frame to ruin fall,
His spirit, too, will vanish into naught,
In dark annihilation lost and gone.

So man, nature and science join to teach
That nothing vanishes which once had birth.
The form may change; the inner being lives;
The germ, the living force, must still survive,
And, as man's mortal frame does change and pass,
But never vanishes, so does his spirit,
But pass, and not expire.

For, since no thing can perish in its germ,
Man's spirit CANNOT die; it still MUST live,
Eternal life is his. The sun may fade,
And hoary Time may totter with his years;
Still, fresh and fair, man's LIFE OF LIFE remains,
The stars will pass away; but in man's spirit
The star of immortality will shine
From life to life, a luminous intelligence,
Forever and forever.

O, sing the sweet anthems of time!
In love let their symbols be wrought!
And with chaplets of beauty sublime
Entwine the great Temple of Thought!
Speed on, ye fair hewers of stone!
Speed on, O, ye builders and seers!
Ye have toiled, and the structure has grown!
Ye have wept, 'tis embalmed with your tears!
—ELIZA A. PITTSINGER.

Every Inch a Man.

She sat on the porch in the sunshine
As I went down the street—
A woman whose hair was silver,
But whose face was blossom-sweet,
Making me think of a garden,
Where in spite of the frost and snow
Of bleak November weather,
Late, fragile lillies grow.

I heard a footstep behind me,
And the sound of merry laugh,
And I knew the heart it came from
Would be like a comforting staff
In the time and hour of trouble,
Hopeful and brave and strong;
One of the hearts to lean on,
When we think all things go wrong.

I turned at the click of the gate latch,
And met his manly look;
A face like his gives me pleasure,
Like the page of a pleasant book.
It told of a steadfast purpose,
Of a brave and daring will;
A face with a promise in it
That, I hope, the years fulfill.

He went up the pathway singing,
I saw the woman's eyes
Grow bright with a wordless welcome,
As sunshine warms the skies.
"Back again, sweet-heart mother,"
He cried, and bent to kiss
The loving face uplifted
For what some mothers miss.

That boy will do to depend on;
I hold that this is true—
From lads in love with their mothers
Our bravest heroes grew.
Earth's grandest hearts have been loving hearts
Since time and earth began;
And the boy who kisses his mother
Is every inch a man!

The massive gates of circumstance
Are turned upon the smallest hinge,
And thus some seeming pettiest chance
Oft gives our life its after tinge.

The trifles of our daily lives
The common things scarce worth recall,
Whereof no visible trace survives;
These are the main-springs after all.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Theosophy.

BY DR. JOHN ALLYN.

I like Theosophy because it explains more of the mystery of our existence than any other system of religion or philosophy. It does not prove this to our faculties, that have been accustomed to work by the system of logic, built up from the facts cognized by the physical senses. While it is cognized by the quickened powers of intuition, and the spiritual faculties which exist in many in a germinal state, it satisfies cultured reason wonderfully well.

Theosophy is a complete system of religion and philosophy. Our physical sciences are but a segment of which that is a complete sphere. The evolution theory, wrought with such great labor, is but a fragment of which that is a whole. The same is true of Christianity; it is but a segment of which Theosophy is a complete sphere.

I used to wonder what we should find in the ceaseless rounds of eternity to make existence interesting, and prevent it from becoming flat, stale and unprofitable. Theosophy puts to rest all such ideas. But are these beautiful ideas anything more than the work of a fertile imagination?

Can we know anything that cannot be demonstrated by facts cognized by the physical senses? Yes, we can. Theosophical knowledge hinges on this fact most important to mankind. We are not made to be forever tantalized and baffled by questions of vital interest, which we cannot answer. In the very texture of our constitution are spiritual faculties, germinal in many, and partially developed in others, which directly cognize spiritual truths that come within the legitimate purview of those developed faculties. It is plain that we cannot reach these truths by reasoning on facts of the physical plane; but in order to reach them, we must quicken the spiritual faculties.

Theosophy seeks to learn, and endeavors to show how best to achieve this great result in this mundane life. Multitudes in the Orient, and not a few in the Occident are devoting themselves to this work and consider it well worthy of their best efforts, after providing for the needs of the physical existence. That the time has come in the growth of humanity when these faculties must be developed, or society perish of its own incompleteness, must be apparent to all who look beneath the surface. Spiritualism is but another fragment of which Theosophy is a complete sphere. Spiritualism can never develop a cult for the moral and spiritual development of humanity. Every year demonstrates this to those who can look with unprejudiced eyes. It has its uses and also its dangers. It is the advance wave of a mighty psychical tide that will lift humanity up to a higher plane and correct many of the evils that are now sapping the very vital forces from the present unsatisfactory condition of society. Let us not make the mistake of supposing that Theosophy simply means a system as accepted by the orientals. We must work out the great psychical truths which that word, which literally means God-wisdom, represents.

The Future Life.

[The "New York Herald," of April 1st, published a remarkable paper by Rev. R. Heber Newton, in defense of the claims of Modern Spiritualism, with the following eloquent editorial reference thereto:]

The main statements of Spiritualism are that communication between this world and the next is possible; that the dead are not dead; that the grave is not the end but the beginning of life, and that

Millions of Spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.

There may be an admixture of fraud in the proclamation of these truths, as there may be a seam of lead in a block of gold. We are too prudent to throw the pound of gold away because of the ounce of lead that debases it, however, and we should be equally unready to sneer at a great truth because it is associated with a group of errors.

The advent of Christ was preceded and accompanied by incidents astounding enough to be discredited by modern science, which inexorably substitutes demonstration for faith, and is too apt to reject when it cannot test with acids. These incidents are, however, so closely woven into the history of that time that to deny their credibility involves an impeachment of the history itself. Both must be accepted as component parts of one grand whole, or both thrown aside as worthless.

From that epoch as a starting point, if you journey backward until you lose sight of your surroundings in the deepening shadows of historic dawn, you find so much of the supernatural that it seems to be almost natural. The annals of every nation are alike in this respect. There are tripods, clairvoyance, prophecies, omens, visions, dreams on hillside and plain, and philosophers, warriors, poets, artists, the great and the gifted as well as the poor and lowly, bow their heads in universal surrender to their potency.

If from that epoch you journey toward our new civilization the same peculiarity prevails. The history of the Catholic church of early days is simply the romance of the preternatural. There is hardly a saint in its calendar whose life was not illuminated by stranger occurrences than any related by the seers of our time. They were so constantly in communication with unseen beings that it might almost be called intimacy. The cathedrals of Europe are strewn with legends which tax the credulity of the skeptical and increase the faith of the believer.

Here is a curious puzzle, therefore, and it is worth guessing. We are not ourselves a judge of these matters, but we closely observe the trend and influence of events. We take note of whatever changes occur in public opinion and of the causes and results of such changes. We say this, then, that if you should blot out of our modern life all belief in the supernatural you would do the race an irreparable injury. It would be a cruel blow to that heroism which endures with resignation, to that patience under prolonged suffering which transfigures human lives, and to that quiet acceptance of bereavement which looks up from the daisies on the mound to the illimitable blue. Annihilate our hope for the future, destroy the vague faith that tearfully listens to the rustling of wings, and homes become a mockery, to-morrow takes the ghastly shape of a nightmare, and our narrow span of life like a goblet of wine which scarcely presses the lips before the hand of fate dashes it to the ground.

Still further. Faith in the supernatural creates character. The grandest conceivable qualities are its natural product. Under its tuition men and women endure martyrdom with a smile, and all the latent magnificence of human nature is developed. Well, admit if you please that the supernatural is a delusion and a snare, a scientific sham, with no basis of fact on which to rest. Then it follows that the most prodigious falsehood can make men nobler, purer, truer and more patriotic than—and for this reason is infinitely preferable to—the truth. Indeed, the truth is the most undesirable thing in the universe, because it is the most depressing; it slams the door in the face of hope, chills the heart of faith and leaves one with the gayeties of the world and—outer darkness. On the other hand, this beneficent falsehood is the source of inspiration, the dew on the grass, the bow in the sky, the impelling force of civilization and the supreme consolation of severed ties.

WHAT TO DO WITH SUSPICIONS.—There are many suspicions that need crushing in the bud: We fancy that our friend is cool to us; we imagine that some one has slighted us; we suspect our neighbor of having spoken ill of us. Most likely we are mistaken, and, in any case, we could never profitably search into the matter. Our trust in our friend, or our own self-respect, should lead us to put away all such thoughts, to abandon such suspicions. Some one has, perhaps, dropped a poisonous word of scandal into our ears. Let us banish it from our thoughts with scorn. Circumstances may tend to cast suspicion on one whom we honor; let us continue to trust him in our heart of hearts. We may fear that some one has committed a fault which, however, does not concern us in the least, and in which we are not called upon to interfere; let us expel the idea as an unwelcome intruder. In one of these two ways every suspicion may be rightly dealt with. If as a warning it has a mission to perform, it will do its work; if it is an unworthy or an idle conjecture, it will be dismissed. In either case it will pass away, as all suspicions are meant to do. As transient guests of the mind they may be useful in establishing the innocence which should be brought to light, or in proving the guilt which should be purged away; but as permanent inmates of the mind their influence is most pernicious.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

An equitable distribution among the wealth-makers of the world of the vast sums that are being uselessly, and worse than uselessly, expended for war purposes, would permit all classes of industrious and thrifty people to save money for future emergencies while thoroughly educating their children, supplying their boards with "the best the market affords," and even keeping carriages for occasional pleasure rides. Why the people who make the wealth do not have these advantages is the problem the spirit-forces are now being directed to solve. This is certain—just as fast as the workers become harmonized to the laws of their being, rise from the animal into the spiritual, their environment will become happier.—*Universal Republic.*

For nearly fifty years we have heard the ringing of salvation for the other life in our ears. What we need most is salvation here and now. Humanity must be saved from the grief and avarice of the prince of mamon. We want money, labor and bread for the millions of idle and destitute in our land. Make people prosperous, happy and good here, before you talk about the salvation in the dim future.—*Newton Herald.*

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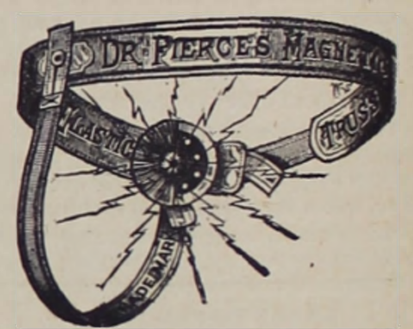
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